Canadian Illustrated News

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HITTING THE WRONG MAN.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: $4.00 per annum in advance, $4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

1880.

With the first number in January we begin the XXI. Volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and have the pleasure to inform our numerous friends that we have resolved to increase our efforts toward making it more acceptable than ever. The NEWS being first and foremost a pictorial paper, the artistic department will be materially improved, current events of interest being sketched and attention paid to all important incidents abroad. Our Canadian Portrait Gallery, now considerably over three hundred, and the only series of the kind attainable in Canada, will continue to be a leading feature. No pains will be spared to make the literary character of the NEWS equal to that of any journal in America. Original articles, stories, and poems will be contributed by several of our best writers. Different series of literary papers will also appear, chief among them being Pen Pictures of Canadian Statesmen, beginning with the Opening of Parliament, and Studies on the Literary Men of Canada, a work hitherto never attempted. The NEWS being the only illustrated paper and the only purely literary weekly in the Dominion, and having taken the field early at great expense, we solicit encouragement thereto as a national institution. Our friends are respectfully requested not only to renew their own subscriptions, but to engage at least one of their neighbours or acquaintances to try the paper for one year.

OUR NEW STORY.

Our readers will doubtless give us credit for our efforts to continue presenting them with original serial stories, in pursuance of the course we have followed till now. We have the pleasure to announce that, with the present number, we continue the publication of a new original romance, entitled:

CLARA CHILLINGTON,

OR

THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF 100 YEARS AGO,

BY

THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER.

Rector of La Porte, Ind., U. S., formerly co-Editor with Charles Dickens of *All the Year Round*,

EDITED BY THE

REV. WILLIAM SMITHETT, D.D.,

of Lindsay, Ont.

The scene of this very interesting story is laid on the Kentish coast, and the characters are representative of English life at the beginning of the century. The plot is full of interest, the incidents are well constructed, the tone is manly and thoroughly English, while the style is often enlivenened with racy humor. The story will run through several months, and now is the time to subscribe.

AN OFFER.

Our readers are aware that the subscription price of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is $4 paid in advance and $4.50 if not paid in advance. In consideration that the times have been hard, and because we should like to begin the new year with as many clear accounts as possible, we have concluded to offer the follow-lowing reduction:—

All subscribers who will pay up the arrears by the 1st January will be required to pay only $4.00, the same as if they had paid in advance. After this notice any of our subscribers who do not accept these terms will lose a favourable opportunity of reduction, as the $4.50 will have to be collected in all cases.

In connection with this offer we cannot too strongly impress upon our readers and patrons the propriety of assisting us as much as possible by prompt payments, and inducing their friends to subscribe, to make the NEWS more and more worthy of a permanent place in every household of the Dominion.

TEMPERATURE,

As observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Jan. 11th, 1880.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Corresponding week, 1879.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon..	38°	22°	30°	Mon..	25°	15°	20°
Tues.	35°	1°	18°	Tues.	20°	10°	15°
Wed.	34°	20°	27°	Wed..	13°	7°	13°
Thur..	30°	19°	24°5	Thur.	29°	18°	23°5
Frid..	39°	14°	26°5	Frid..	27°	23°	25°
Sat...	37°	24°	30°5	Sat....	10°	5°	7°5
Sun..	35°	5°	20°	Sun...	24°	5°	14°5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, January 17, 1880.

THEY have the memory of the heart in St. John, N.B. A chime of nine bells and a clock are to be placed in Trinity Church as a memorial to the Loyalist founders of the city who erected old Trinity.

THEY know how to do things in France and no mistake. In the French Chamber of Deputies, by the overwhelming vote of 524 to three, 5,000,000 francs were granted the Government for the relief of the distressed in France.

WRITING at length on the alleged exaggeration of the number of French Canadians resident in the United States, *Le Canada*, of Ottawa, edited by Mr. Joseph Tassé, M.P., an eminent historian and statistician, affirms, on the authority of official documents, carefully analyzed, that the figure of such residents cannot possibly exceed 250,000.

VENNOR has hit it exactly this time. He predicted a heavy thaw, with rain, between the fourth and seventh of this month, and we have had both with a vengeance. It is easy enough to say that we shall have a thaw after a severe term of cold, but the prophet's skill lies in naming the precise dates and this is what our weather seer has done.

TENDERS have been called for the demolition of the stone walls of Fort Garry, the material being required for the foundations of the new buildings which the Hudson Bay Company intend erecting. It is to be hoped that something will be left of this old landmark which fifty years hence, will be a precious relic. The two round towers preserved by the seminary on Mount Royal side are among the most interesting memorials of a by-gone heroic age in the district of Montreal.

HONOUR to whom honour is due. FRANK BUCKLAND, the great English authority on fish, publishes the fact to the world that the system of giving state assistance to the salmon fisheries of Canada, in the way of protection, licenses, artificial breeding and so forth, was first organized in 1868 by the Hon. PETER MITCHELL, then Minister of Marine. It has taken eleven years for this system to bear fruit, but now frozen Canadian salmon is exported to the London markets with such success that the trade is certain to be become an immense one.

HERE is an example for the Government of the Province of Quebec in the management of the North Shore. The Illinois Central Railroad has proved a perfect bonanza to that State. When the bill for the creation of the road was before the Illinois Legislature Senator DOUGLAS affixed a provision by which, instead of paying taxes, it should pay in lieu thereof 7 per cent. of its gross receipts every year. The sum received by the State from the railroad has been yearly increasing, and has gradually wiped out the State debt. When this is gone, as it will be within a year, it is thought that the road will yield a sufficient revenue to carry on the ordinary expenses of the Government, thus doing away with the necessity of levying any State tax.

IN reference to a paragraph concerning the surviving children of CHARLES DICKENS, lately reproduced in our columns, we are favoured by a friend of the family with the following reliable facts. There are four sons surviving—CHARLES DICKENS, proprietor of *All the Year Round*—HENRY FIELDING, a barrister on the Western, not Eastern Circuit, and who is married to a granddaughter of MOSCHELES and a sister to Mr. CHARLES E. ROCHE, a well known journalist of Montreal; EDWARD BULWER LYTTON DICKENS and ALFRED TENNYSON DICKENS of Hamilton, Victoria, Australia. KATE DICKENS was in the first place married to CHARLES AUSTEN COLLINS, a brother of WILKIE COLLINS, and at his death, married C. E. PERUGINI the painter; MARY or as she is known to her friends, MAMIE DICKENS, is unmarried.

FOREMOST among those who have striven to inculcate the love of classical music in our midst, stands Mr. FRED. E. LUCY BARNES, the talented organist of Trinity Church, New York. Although we regret to record that Mr. BARNES is no longer a resident amongst us, yet we may be congratulated upon his occasional reappearance in Montreal. The satisfactory results which attended his venture last year, and the request of numerous *dilettanti* have induced him to give a second series of Classical Chamber Concerts at the Synod Hall; these concerts will take place as soon as the subscription lists are filled, which, we doubt not, will not take long. Works never hitherto produced on this continent will be given at these concerts and when we add that Mr. BARNES will be supported by such excellent vocalists as Mesdames THROWER and BARNES and such well-known instrumentalists as Messrs. DESEVE and PRUME with their string quartet parties, the result cannot be doubtful. The price for two seats at each concert will be but $5, an unusually low figure considering the richness of the musical treat in store for the subscribers and their friends. Mr. BARNES will, as heretofore, publish analytical programmes of the selections given at each concert; these programmes are a boon to every student of music, besides assisting the intelligent understanding of those pieces put before the audience, written as they are by one who is a master of his art. We are but endorsing the hopes of music-loving Montreal, when we wish Mr. BARNES increased success in his undertaking.

THE cartoon on our front page relates to the ridiculous sensation caused by the establishment of the Political Economy Club of Montreal. The Senatorial editor of the *Globe* is represented as armed with *that* portentous club, and striking at Mr. Macmaster, M.P.P. for Glengarry, as the author of all the mischief, when in reality the father and founder of the club is Mr. Joseph Perrault, who has announced his intention of publishing a monthly periodical, which he entitles, *L'Emancipation Coloniale*.——The series of winter sports which fills another page are characteristic of the present season, which has been so far extremely favourable for the prosecution of all our out-door amusements.——We give another picture illustrative of the sufferings of the Irish tenant farmers, and a view of the crisis in the State of Maine over the election of members of the Legislature.——A page is devoted, in its quality of a work of calligraphic art, to the illuminated address presented to Hon. Mr. Langevin, on the occasion of the tender of his portrait, painted in oil by Mr. Forbes.——The Outcast's return is an affecting scene, replete with pathos and embodying a story of real life that has often been the theme of the highest efforts of literature and art.——There is also a view of the beautiful village of St. Michel, in the County of Bellechasse, and of a public *Chauffoir* in Paris, erected by the municipality for the benefit of pedestrians during the present exceptionally severe winter.——The marriage ceremonies of King Alfonso XII. and the Archduchess of Austria, Marie Christine, in the classic Church of the Atocha, is depicted.

MISTAKES IN THE BIBLE.

In our last number we called attention to the attack of the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER on the American Bible Society for publishing a Bible "notoriously false in some parts and which the society knows to be false." We then stated that this charge was sure to lead to an acrimonious controversy. It has done so. We further stated that Mr. BEECHER must have had some grounds on which to base his accusation. In this also we have been borne out. The Rev. Dr. S. S. CONANT, the distinguished Scripture scholar, has stated that a number of years ago a committee was appointed by the American Bible Society, comprised of the Rev. Drs. EDWARD ROBINSON, R. S. STORRS, VERMILYE, SPRING, and other clergymen of high character, to revise King JAMES' edition of the Bible to the original state in which it came from the translators, and to correct the headings and running titles. The members of the Committee spent three years in their work, meeting every week. They compared the first three issues of 1611, 1612 and 1613, finding errors in them all, typographical and other. They corrected therewith the headings and titles. The report was accepted and the common editions were corrected, stereotyped and issued in two forms, large and small octavo. At a subsequent annual meeting, a party led by Dr. BRECKENRIDGE of Kentucky objected to the further use of the corrected copy, and insisted that the Society should go back "to the confessedly corrupted copy in common use." The Society yielded to the pressure brought upon it against the earnest protest of Dr. ROBINSON and Dr. STORRS.

From a prominent clergyman, one of the original Committee appointed to make the corrections, the following additional facts have been elicited:—The Committee of seven, including besides those mentioned above, Dr. MCCLINTOCK and Dr. TURNER was appointed by the Board of Managers of the Bible Society in 1847. They were only to correct the chapter and column headings, and correct the punctuation, capital letters and italics. On account of the great number of volumes that had been printed since the King JAMES edition was first issued there were many differences in different editions in minor points. In four editions, printed respectively in London, Cambridge and Edinburgh, the committee found forty thousand of these minor differences. Many of the mistakes were typographical. There had been Bibles printed in which the verse, "The barren woman shall have more children than she that hath a husband," the word "hundred" had been substituted for "husband." In one edition, which was quickly suppressed, the "not" had been omitted from the Seventh commandment. In another, "they made themselves breeches" had been substituted for "they made themselves aprons." Some of the chapter headings were changed because they were clumsy, some because they were incomplete, some because they contained comments and some because they were untrue. The principle of new headings was simply to make them an index expressed in the words of the text itself. The committee reported in 1851, and for seven years the new edition was published. In 1857 and 1858, this clergyman said Bishop COXE and Dr. BRECKENRIDGE attacked the new edition, and by their influence it was suppressed and the old edition republished. The committee men, with one exception, then resigned their positions on the Board.

AN old Scotch lady was told that her minister used notes, but would not believe it. Said one: "Gang into the gallery and see." She did so, and saw the written sermon. After the luckless preacher had concluded his reading on the last page, he said: "But I will not enlarge—" The old woman called out from her lofty position: "Ye canna, ye canna, for your paper's give out."

THE TESTAMENT OF PETER THE GREAT.

We hope that we shall be mistaken, but present indications are ominous of a war in Europe, provoked by Russia, before the year is out. There is a mystery and a dash of fatalism in Muscovite policy which render it particularly interesting, and the reader will be more fully impressed therewith on reading the analysis which we here present of the Testament of Peter the Great. This remarkable document is important in itself, whether apocryphal or not, but from a work by the late Mgr. GAUME it would appear that its authenticity is beyond dispute. It was found among the papers of the famous Chevalier EON DE BEAUMONT, who was the diplomatic agent of LOUIS XV. at the Court of Empress CATHERINE, and thence transferred to the archives of the French Foreign Office. Our space will allow only of a summary of this testament, but nothing essential is omitted :

I. Keep the Russian nation in a continual state of war, and have no respite except for the occasional adjustment of the exchequer.

II. Draw from the best cultivated states of Europe their officers during war and their scholars during peace, in order to gather benefit from every source.

III. Take part in every European complication, especially with Germany, which is nearest and most interested.

IV. Divide Poland by every possible means.

V. Slice off Sweden, and isolate Denmark therefrom.

VI. Choose wives for Russian princes among the German Princesses, in order to multiply family alliances.

VII. Seek the commercial alliance of England above all others.

VIII. Stretch continually northward along the Baltic, and southward, along the Black Sea.

IX. *Approach as near as possible to Constantinople and the Indies. The Power that reigns over these will be the real sovereign of the world. Once there, all the gold of England would avail nothing.*

X. Keep up the alliance with Austria.

XI. Engage Austria to chase the Turk from Europe, and offset her jealousy at the conquest of Constantinople by giving her a portion of the conquest, which you will take back again later.

XII. Gather around you all Greek schismatics in Hungary, Poland and elsewhere, and through them establish a kind of sacerdotal supremacy.

It needs no running commentary to show how this programme has been almost literally attempted and partially carried out, and how many of the clauses of the Will are being enforced even at the present time. It will be more interesting to append the views of Napoleon on this subject, as his extraordinary genius was best able to penetrate into the designs of the great PETER. In 1817, the captive of St. Helena said to Dr. O'MEARA : "Within not very many years, Russia will seize Constantinople, the greater part of Turkey and all of Greece. This is *as certain as if the thing were already done* * * * In the natural order of things, Turkey must fall into the hands of Russia; a large portion of her population is Greek, and it may be said that Greeks are Russians. Austria can be appeased by giving her Servia, or other neighbouring provinces extending toward Constantinople. If ever England can make a solid alliance with France, it will be to prevent the execution of such a project. But Russia and Austria can always accomplish it even against France, England and Prussia combined. Once mistress of Constantinople, Russia has the commerce of the Mediterranean. Of all the Powers, Russia is the most formidable, especially to England. Her soldiers are braver than the Austrians, and she can raise as many as she likes. In a hundred years hence, Europe, and especially England, will regret that my plan of baulking Russia did not succeed. When Europe will be invaded, and becomes the prey of barbarians, people will say : 'NAPOLEON WAS RIGHT!'"

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

On Jan. 8th the grave and reverend Senators elected to serve in the Fourth Legislature of the Province of Ontario, assembled for the purpose of commencing their annual review of the laws of the aforesaid much begoverned country.

The appearance of the Legislators is certainly of a kind to strike the looker on with awe and delight.

At three o'clock a quantity of gunpowder was exploded and the dread person of majesty, as represented by the Lieutenant-Governor, entered the Chamber. He was attired in a gorgeous costume proper for the occasion. He sat down on the Speaker's chair, which for the nonce answered the purpose of a throne, and tried to look as comfortable and as much at ease as it was possible for him under the circumstances. This was rather a difficult matter, as for some unexplained reason there was a hitch in the proceedings of the gorgeous ceremonial and an awkward pause ensued.

The Lieutenant-Governor "sot," as Artemus would say, in his chair, and the ticking of the clock was audible in the apartment, and we almost felt inclined to cry out even in that august presence "Speech!" At last, the official spokesman of the Government, the Provincial Secretary, arose and informed those present, to the effect (of course, much to their surprise) that His Honor did not see fit to give them the privilege of hearing the beautiful speech until they had elected a Speaker to preside over their deliberations. The Governor then arose from his chair and retired towards the door, apparently much pleased at being relieved from his trying position.

When the glory that surrounded the Queen's representative had faded out of the Chamber, the Clerk of the Legislature took his seat at the the table, and the Attorney-General arose in his place and addressed himself to him.

Dwellers in your city may not have had the advantage of hearing our Premier. Yesterday he nominated Mr. Clark, or, as he sometimes called him, Col. Clark, for the lofty position of Speaker, and explained his reasons.

The late first Commoner, casting rather a longing glance towards the seat he had long occupied, seconded the nomination, and Mr. Meredith, the leader of the little band that calls itself Her Majesty's Opposition, then arose and administered some taffy to the proposed Speaker, saying what a nice fellow he was and all that sort of thing. The motion was put to the House and declared carried unanimously, and the new Speaker was conducted to his chair.

A greater crowd than that which had gathered thus on the previous day assembled in the Chamber on the 9th to hear His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor give his reasons why he had called the Legislative Assembly together for the despatch of business. Whether people were puzzled to know what those reasons might be and were anxious to ascertain what evil would have betided the Province if the House had not met, I cannot say, but whatever causes may have operated in bringing the throng together, the fact remained that there it was crowding the apartment to excess.

Many ladies were present, amongst whom were the daughters of the Lieutenant-Governor attired in pale pink silk dresses, making their last appearance at the opening of the House as "Royalty," since ere it assembles again they will be relegated to their former position of private citizenesses—*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

The daughters of the local Premier were also present, arrayed in very tasteful and becoming costumes.

It would have added very greatly to the gaiety of the scene if more of the ladies had worn evening dresses, but the fact is that the greater number had on their walking dresses, never took off their cloaks and did not remove their hats, so that the Chamber presented a rather sombre appearance.

At three o'clock (Royalty is always punctual), the crashing of the guns was heard which proclaimed that His Honor had left his official residence and was proceeding in state to deliver himself of his speech. He was surrounded on all sides by a troop of the Governor-General's body guard resplendent in tin helmets, lest perchance (I suppose) Nihilist, Communist or socialist might attempt to subvert the British Constitution by doing injury to the august representative of the Queen.

The Lieutenant-Governor entered the House, whereupon every person present aglow with loyalty arose to their feet.

The newly elected Speaker who was enveloped in his official robes and bore in his hand his three cornered hat, then came forward and read the self disparaging speech always made by freshly fledged Speakers, informing his Honor how he had been chosen by the Assembly to preside over its deliberations although he was so little qualified for the duties of his high office, and demanding from him the privilege for the members of the House of freedom of speech in the House, and the inestimable advantage of access to his sacred person at all times. Instead of the Governor replying himself the Provincial Secretary in a solemn little set speech, gave the Lieutenant-Governor's assent to the requests of the Speaker.

The A. D. C. in waiting then handed to His Honor the speech which the latter proceeded to read.

The matter contained in the speech was of such a nature as ought to have convinced any person who was open to conviction, of the fact that local Houses and local Governments are utterly useless and worse than useless, as not only do they not serve any good purpose, but the expense attendant upon them is rapidly sapping the resources of the country.

It has only been a few years ago, since the whole system of Common Law and Equity Practise was reorganized by the Administration of Justice Acts, and now when the profession and public have just become familiar with the provisions and things are beginning to work smoothly, the Government propose to bring in another Bill to fuse the Courts of Law and Equity.

The operation of the Supreme Judicature Court Act in England has not been so satisfactory, nor has it been so long in operation as to warrant the Province of Ontario in adopting a similar measure for many a year to come.

Another measure reopened is the extension of the jurisdiction of Division Courts. Division Courts in this Province have been bad enough in all conscience whilst having jurisdiction over only small debts, and the proposal to extend their power is calculated to strike a severe blow at the proper administration of justice.

The Premier admits that County Judges are on the whole unfavourable to the proposed extension, as not being in the public interests, but, nevertheless, he is determined to push it through.

Another measure altogether unnecessary is an Act for the distribution of the estates of debtors, which is to be passed upon the supposition that the Dominion Parliament will repeal the Insolvent Act without substituting anything in its place, a theory which is extremely problematical.

The only other matter of any importance touched upon in the Speech is the questi n of parliament buildings, which appears to me a piece of useless extravagance, as in all probability in a very few years, when the eyes of the people of Canada are fully opened to the iniquities and extravagance of our present system of innumerable governments, the abolition of the local houses will be demanded and obtained, and the proposed parliament buildings be left tenantless, unless, indeed, the dream of Torontonians be realized (a thing which you Montrealers would strongly object to), that Toronto should ultimately become the capital of the Dominion.

The Speech, like everything else in the world, good, bad or indifferent, at length came to an end, and the Governor having passed through the dread ordeal, handed the official document to his A. D. C., and rising up and bowing to the assemblage, left the Chamber accompanied by his suite. The crowd then gradually melted away, until the members only were left in possession of the floor of the apartment. The Speaker then took the chair, and after passing a few formal motions the House adjourned.

VERT.

OBITUARY.

W. A. Himsworth, Clerk of the Executive Council of Canada, aged 60. We shall publish a portrait and memoir of Mr. Himsworth in our next number.

Professor McKerras, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont. He was born in Nairn, Scotland, in 1832, and came to Canada at a very early age. He entered Queen's University in 1847, and took his degree of B.A. in 1850, and M.A. in 1852. At the age of twenty-one he was ordained, and was sent to Bowmanville, where he remained till he was appointed Professor of Classics in Queen's University, in 1854, on the resignation of Professor Weir. The Professor was for several years Clerk of the late Synod of the Presbyterian Church in connection with the Church of Scotland, and, after the union of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church, he was appointed one of the Clerks of the General Assembly, in which capacity he was a model of accuracy. He was one of the best ecclesiastical lawyers in the Presbyterian Church. He did not often speak in Church courts, but few men spoke with greater point and clearness. The success of the endowment fund of Queen's College is largely due to his exertions. It was while attending and lecturing through the country on its behalf that he contracted the cold which led to his death. In private life, Prof. McKerras was a man of singular geniality. The Presbyterian Church has lost, in him, one of her most able useful ministers, and Queen's University an accomplished Professor; and there is probably no man in the ranks of the University more heartily loved by his brethren than was Professor McKerras. The Professor's mother, who is ninety-three old, is lying at the point of death at Kingston, and, it is feared, will not be long in following her much-beloved son.

Miss Lillie Lonsdale, actress and writer, at Hamilton, Ont., aged 34. We hope to be able to publish her portrait in a future issue.

Count Bachasson de Montalivet, life Senator, formerly Minister of the Interior under Louis Philippe, aged 78 years. He leaves very important and interesting memoirs.

Edward William Coke, painter, Royal Academician, and Fellow of the Royal Society, aged 60 years.

M. Poujoulat, renowned French polemist and historian, aged 70.

AN HISTORICAL PICTURE.—With the permission of the Colonel of the Regiment a number of the Rorke's Drift men, survivors of the defence, have been told off to wait upon Miss Thompson at Portsmouth, where she is now hard at work. In the garden of a friend's house earthworks, or rather sacks containing earth, to look as nearly as possible like mealie bags, have been set up, making a miniature Rorke's Drift. Here the gallant defenders fight their battle over again, and are sketched in as they stand. All the principal figures will be portraits, and we shall have not only a picture of a battle, but the counterfeit presentment of many of the heroes who took part in it. A ludicrous incident, which might have terminated tragically, occurred to Mrs. Butler's (Miss Thompson) host. *Faute de mieux*, he had volunteered to represent a Zulu at close quarters. One of the soldiers who had marked this Zulu for his own, and brought him down at Rorke's Drift, was to rehearse the scene and fire a blank cartridge at the enemy. The preliminaries being arranged and the "Zulu" in position, the soldier began to load, when, half in jest and half in apprehension, the Zulu insisted upon having the cartridge examined. This was done, and it was found that in the excitement of the moment the man was loading with ball cartridge!

SONNET.

'Tis sweet to think that for our losses dire
There cometh ever some excelling gain,
And after fate, with strong-avenging ire,
Has to us brought new agonies of pain,
There will be brighter visions; we shall reign
Triumphant, throned over sullen days,
And in our van life's lofty glory-fire
Will blaze unwearied, flame eternal praise.
Love doth not fall, but to be well restored.
First baffled, he is sheltered from his craze,
Anon the later years shall hail him lord;
Those grander-rolling emphasis of time
Move forward, all controlled, with one accord,
And crown him with their harmony sublime.

Montreal. C. W. R.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—We direct attention to the advertisement of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, together with other publications of the Burland Lithographic Company, of Montreal. The *Illustrated News* is well worthy the patronage of every Canadian, and we trust that it may find a large circle of readers in this locality. The subscription price is $4 per annum; but by a special arrangement with the publishers we can furnish it jointly with the *Examiner* for $4.50 per annum. Send along the names and the cash.—*Examiner, Mount Forest.*

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—The *Canadian Illustrated News*, the only paper of the kind published in the Dominion, has commenced its 21st volume. The *News* has worked its way up to the front rank of pictorial papers, and is a very creditable journal to this or any country. We are glad to know that the efforts of the proprietors are being appreciated and the circulation of the *Canadian Illustrated* is increasing.—*Gleaner, Chatham.*

IN another column will be found the advertisement of the *Canadian Illustrated News*. It is now in existence over ten years, and as it is the only paper of the kind in the Dominion, it ought to be encouraged.—*Free Press, Port Elgin.*

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—The Christmas and New Year's numbers of this excellent home serial are really admirable in illustration and in letter-press. They are full of appropriate and seasonable literature, while the engravings are far superior to any that we have had yet. The last issue, dated January 3rd, is particularly noteworthy. It begins the new volume—the 21st, very spiritedly, and the general reader will find a great deal of pleasure in looking through it. A new story is commenced, and there is no better time than the present for subscribers to begin taking in the *Illustrated News*—the national pictorial newspaper of the Dominion.—*Chronicle, Quebec.*

FASHION NOTES.

AMONG new hats for street wear is the toque, which is worn not only as a bonnet but as a hat, according as it is with or without strings.

PLUSH is a favorite material this winter, both for bonnets and for jackets, vests and the trimmings and facings of both silk and cashmere costumes.

LIGHT furs should only be worn by blondes, and the fur borders to seal cloaks and jackets should be of short fleece if the wearers are inclined to embonpoint.

AN overdress all in one piece, termed the habit redingote, is fast growing in favor. This is really a polonaise made long in the back and gracefully draped.

DAINTY bonnets for dolls, in all the new materials and in the latest Parisian fashions, are shown at Dougherty's; miniature copies of the bonnets of the day.

HUMOROUS.

BABIES will enjoy 366 holler days this year.

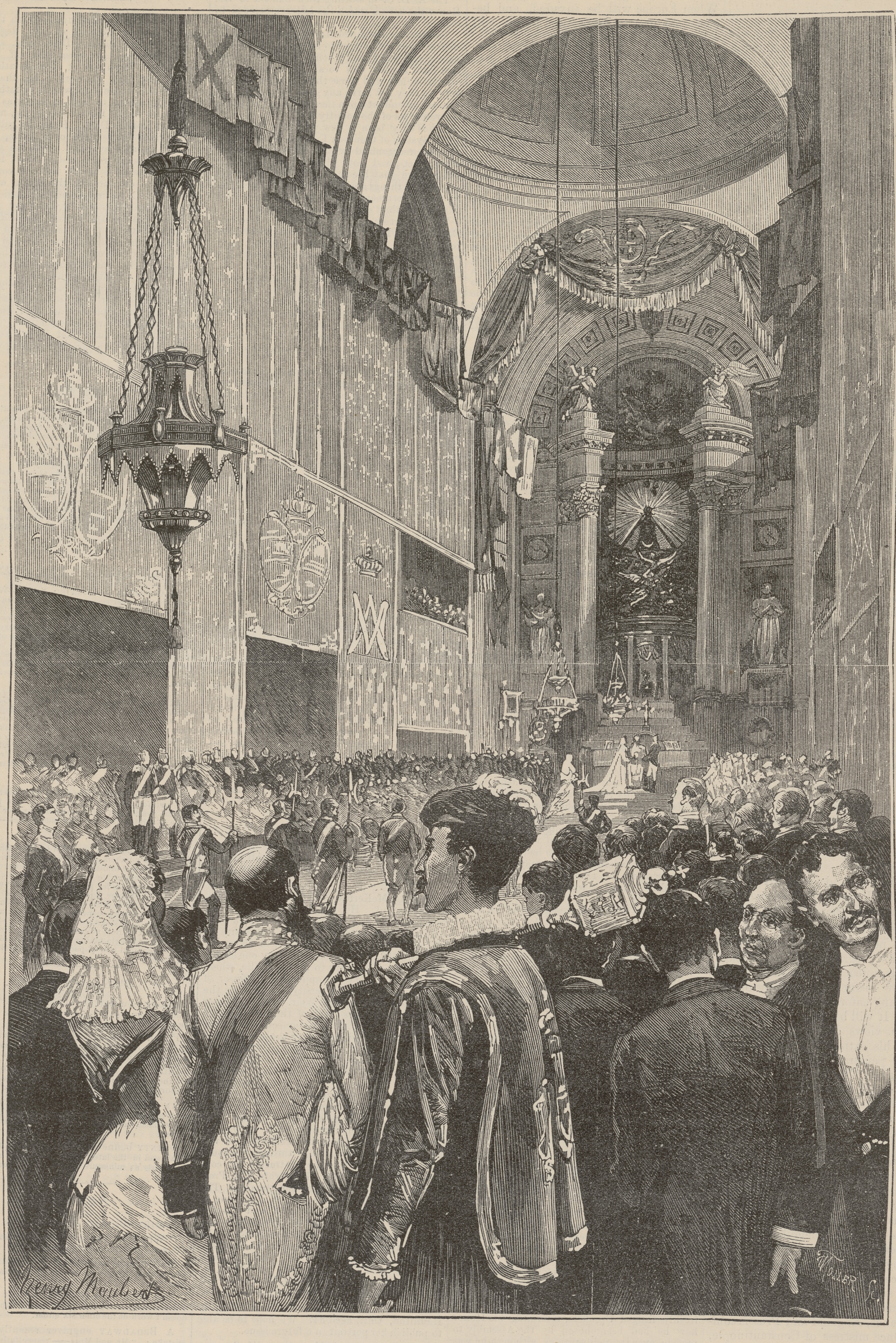
"WHAT do you do when you have a cold?" "Cough," was the sententious reply.

AN Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

THE tramp is so good that he not only obeys the commandment not to work on the Sabbath day, but doesn't work on the other six either.

A BROADWAY engraver recently made this mistake: "Mr. and Mrs. —— respectfully request your presents at the marriage of their daughter."

A CLERGYMAN, in speaking to one of his parishioners who was so given to argument that it was difficult to converse with him on any subject, said, "Brother —— is so argumentative that he will dispute with a guidepost about the distance to the next town, and argue with a tombstone as to the truth of its epitaph."



MARRIAGE OF THE KING OF SPAIN AT MADRID.

INTERIOR OF A HUT IN GALWAY.

A PUBLIC WARMING ROOM IN PARIS.

THE HAND OF A FRIEND.

When battling one's way over Life's troubled ocean,
So darkened by shadows of sorrow and strife,
Beat hard by its billows of stormy commotion,
And rest knowing not in the struggle for life.
If aught there is then that our journey may brighten,
That bids us cheer up and be brave to the end,
That helps us to hope that the future may brighten,
If anything does, 'tis the hand of a friend.

The smile of a sister is fond and endearing,
It sweetens the sands of Time's glass as they flow
The clasp of a brother is fervent and cheering,
And sacredly cherished wherever we go.
But ah! to the heart of the toiling wayfarer,
Upon whose lone pathway such joys ne'er attend,
Forbidden by fate in such gifts to be sharer,
To him what a prize is the hand of a friend.

We oft hear of Love, a mere pleasing illusion,
Created our souls to delight and deceive;
Of kisses and quarrels an endless confusion,
Some hearts to make happy and many to grieve.
But Love, with its pledges of truth and devotion,
Is oft found a myth once its ecstasies end;
To him who must sail o'er adversity's ocean,
No love-pledge can equal the hand of a friend.

Love's sun, all ablaze in the morning of gladness,
More ardent than Friendship may seem for a while,
But Love often flies from the first chill of sadness,
Whilst Friendship yet lingers and cheers with her smile.
Love, with us to-day, may desert us to-morrow,
But Friendship, once true, remains true to the end;
Unchanged by the presence of sunshine or sorrow,
A treasure, indeed, is the hand of a friend.

Quebec. E. A. SUTTON.

THE STRANGE DOCTOR.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, LL.D.,

Author of "St. Leger," etc., etc.

"By the way, what has become of Conant?" I asked of my college classmate, Luther Evans, the well-known, in fact, celebrated, surgeon, whom I encountered by accident at the *Hotel Bellevue du Lac*, at Zurich.

We had not met for five years, and here, on the shore of this beautiful lake, chance had thrown us together. We spent the evening in calling the roll of our classmates, and in comparing notes of information as to each one of them. Some of our companions were already in their graves; some who had started rich in promise had made shipwreck beyond any hope of recovery. There were others who had arrived at the happy haven which prosperity is supposed to afford; others still were struggling to reach it. The larger portion were married; a good many yet remained single. Sickness, misfortunes, and bad luck generally seemed constantly to have attended several; good fortune, firm health and unvaried success had been the lot of a few. It turned out, however, that the majority were recipients, in about equal proportions, of the ordinary good and ill which attend our poor humanity.

"By the way, what has become of Conant?"

"Ah, Conant—Prince Albert, as we used to call him. Well, he was a prince in nature and conduct. Have you heard nothing of him?" was my friend's reply.

"Not for a long time. I saw him in Chicago six or eight years ago. His career appeared to be a brilliant one. Not long after, I was told he had left the place in an unexpected manner, and had gone no one knew whither. Ames spoke of a love affair, but I knew Conant too well to credit any such nonsense."

"Ames is a fool!" ejaculated Evans, with emphasis—"simply a fool; that is all."

"Then you don't know what has become of Conant?"

"I have not said that. In fact, I do know what has become of him," returned my classmate.

"Well?"

"I do know; no one else knows—no one else," muttered Evans, rapidly. "I know what has become of him. I shall tell you. It will be easier kept if you and I both know—easier kept. Your word to secrecy of course. I shall feel better satisfied after I have told you. Because, you know, I doubt sometimes the evidence of my own senses in this matter."

I confess I began to suspect some mellow wine we were drinking was having an undue effect on his senses; but I said nothing. I was soon undeceived. For Evans continued as quietly and methodically as if he were amputating a limb, quite in contrast with his nervous manner at the beginning.

"You remember, Albert Conant and I were room mates for the whole four years. Of course you know it, and how we were called Damon and Pythias, and all that sort of thing. The only one who fully shared our friendship was yourself. How well you know that, too, or else would I now be making this revelation? When we left college we still kept together. We attended one course in Philadelphia, one in New York. Then we went abroad. Conant dovoted himself principally to medicine, and I to surgery. It was all the more agreeable, for we had a wide range of topics to talk about, and there were many branches which we pursued together, listening to the same lectures and walking the same hospitals. From Paris we went to Vienna; this was to please me, for there were special advantages there in my department. How enthusiastic we were! How truly ambitious of a career! I had abandoned medicine as a leading pursuit and gone over to surgery from a total lack of faith in the dispensatory. We were, all of us, so it seemed to me, groping in the dark, and, for my part, I was desirous to feel myself on firm ground. Not so Conant.

"'I admit,' he said, 'that medicine is not a science; but tell me, are we not making an advance?'

"'No doubt—no doubt,' I would say; 'but it is mere experiment, after all. I am not willing to prescribe a medicine which I cannot predicate its effect upon my patient. A conscientious practice of medicine is mere expectancy, and that is no practice at all."

"'You talk nonsense,' Conant would answer. 'Progress in medicine comes as progress comes in all other things, by careful study, observation and experience, and the practical application of our experience. It shall be my ambition to do something before I die towards placing medicine in its proper position as a science.'

"Ah, he was very earnest, very sincere. I recollect, after we came back to Paris, that Magendie gave him a terrible shaking-up at his opening lecture in the autumn at the Hotel Dieu, of which Magendie was at the head. It was on the memorable occasion when that famous physician distinctly told the students not only that medicine was not a science but almost in terms that the dispensatory was a humbug, asking derisively who could cure a headache? He went on to say that in one of his wards he divided his patients into three classes. The first he treated according to the dispensatory, to the second he gave bread pills and colored water, the third received nothing at all. The latter grumbled a good deal (*'les imbéciles,'* as the lecturer called them), but all got well. Every one in the second class also recovered. A few in the first class died. 'Nevertheless,' added Magendie, 'we are making progress, and I have hopes at the end of a hundred years that medicine will have become a science. Then, no doubt, phthisis will be cured.' I enjoyed the lecture hugely, and from time to time nudged Conant, as much as to say, 'What do you think of it?' for he was a great admirer of Magendie. As we left the lecture-room after he had concluded, Conant took my arm, exclaiming: 'That is what I call a great man—a man who, with such a reputation, dares to say he does not know! What I have heard does not one whit discourage me; it does me good. I am quite content to spend all the years of my life in the attempt to advance the progress of the most interesting, most humane, and the most beneficent of studies.'

"We came home at last. I settled in New York. Conant went to Chicago, where certain advantages by way of acquaintances and introductions awaited him. It was not long before he became known. His career was rapid and brilliant. We saw each other very seldom. Twice in the course of ten years he visited New York for a day or two—he came expressly to see me—twice I was in Chicago. I may say literally for the purpose of seeing him. These were days of the highest, truest enjoyment; memorable days never to be forgotten. I found Conant unsoiled by worldliness, selfishness or small ambition. The same lofty purpose which filled his breast when a student still inspired him. Meanwhile our correspondence never slacked, so that our friendship did not become an old memory, but was preserved fresh, increasing all the time. I had already married, and it was but natural that I should urge Conant to go and do likewise. I used even to add a bit of worldly wisdom to my suggestion, telling him how advantageous it was for a physician to be a married man. His reply would be: 'All in good time, my friend—all in good time, my friend; when the right person comes along I shall make haste to follow your excellent example; till then, *patienza*, as the Spaniard says.'

"Well, a time came when Conant was engaged to be married. He announced it in his characteristic way, and instead of giving me particulars he said, 'Come and see for yourself.' This I had made up my mind to do and wrote him accordingly. His answer came without delay. It was a long letter, written in his happiest vein, with a smack of his old student habit, and brimful of current incidents and topics; no allusion to his engagement, for that would not be like him, but I could see plainly that he was living in a paradise.

"I shall never forget that letter—it was the last I ever received from him. I answered it within ten days, and told Conant that I was going to give myself a long vacation, at least for me. I was to spend two weeks in the Adirondacks, and that he might look for me at furthest in three weeks from the date of my letter. Four days after, I left New York, disposed of the two weeks as I had planned, and was to take the train at the nearest station the next morning for my trip Westward.

"Late that afternoon our little mail arrived. Among my letters was one which struck a sudden terror into my soul. It was the letter I had addressed and mailed to Conant, returned to me with the indorsement, '*Not found.*' I felt a wretched, sickening, sinking sensation at my heart. I sat perfectly still, my eyes fixed on those two words, till the twilight began to gather about me. This brought me to my senses. 'Pshaw!' I exclaimed to myself, aloud, 'what is the matter with you? It is some old blunder at the post-office. A mistake in reading the address,' but the superscription was painfully legible and the residence not to be mistaken. 'A blunder—a gross blunder, that is all. In forty-eight hours it will be all right. I will overhaul those post-office fellows for giving me such a start. I will make a special report of the case to the Postmaster-general, that I will!'

"I started early the next morning. Notwithstanding all my reasoning, a dead weight hung at my heart the whole way. I reached Chicago on the morning of the second day, about half-past seven. I drove directly to Conant's house. I ran up the steps and rang the bell nervously. I waited for a response, but none came. I rang again and again—no answer. A market-boy who was passing with his basket, stopped and looked at me.

"'There ain't no one living in that house, mister,' he said.

"'I thought Dr. Conant lived here.'

"'He's moved away.'

"'How long since?'

"'Oh, more than three weeks ago.'

"'Where has he moved to?'

"'Don't know; and the boy trudged on.

"I felt relieved by this colloquy; there was some excuse for the return of my letter, though a flimsy one, since Conant was so well known. I was about driving to the house of a mutual friend where I might learn where he had removed to, when a gentleman, who lived in the house opposite, who evidently had been a witness of my dilemma crossed the street and addressed me.

"'You are looking for Dr. Conant, I presume?'

"'Yes.'

"'The doctor has left Chicago.'

"'Good God! you don't say that!' I exclaimed. 'How did it happen?'

"'A very sad affair, I assure you, sir. You are a friend of the doctor's?'

"'The most intimate friend he has. I have just arrived from New York expressly to pay him a visit. What does it all mean?'

"'If you will step into my house for a few moments,' said the gentleman, 'I will tell you the little there is known about it.'

"I was only too glad to accept his invitation. His narrative was brief.

"'You know,' he said, 'the doctor was soon to be married.' I assented. 'The young lady was one of the most charming in Chicago. She died, about four weeks ago, after an illness of a few hours—a most mysterious and inexplicable illness. Upon her death the doctor disposed of everything he had, including his medical library, in fact, everything to the most minute articles, and left the city. He told no one where he was going, not even his most intimate friends, and nobody knows where he has gone. No one has heard a word from him, the whole matter is enveloped in mystery from beginning to end.'

"Sadly I descended the steps, declining the worthy man's invitation to take breakfast with him, and drove to the house of the friend I have just mentioned. I really could get from him no information in addition to what I had already received. Some details were added about the rapidity with which Conant disposed of his effects. He would converse with no one, he entered into no explanations, and in this strange manner he quitted the place where his labors had been so brilliantly successful.

"That evening I took the train back to New York. I knew, after a while, I should hear from Conant. I knew it was impossible for him to abandon the friendship that existed between us. No doubt he was stunned by so swift and sudden a blow; after the first terrible shock should be over he would come and see me, or let me know where I could go to him. He never wrote, he never came, and for nearly seven years I was in ignorance of what had become of him."

Evans paused so long in his history at this point that it actually seemed as if he had brought it to a conclusion, although I had felt it had scarcely begun. I had no disposition to break the silence, and at length he resumed.

"You must not suppose that in those seven years I made no effort to discover his whereabouts; you must not suppose I waited patiently for him to communicate with me. I employed every means which I could devise to reach him; nothing which my ingenuity could suggest was left unattempted. I visited Chicago again, hoping to gain some clew, however trifling, but I could find nothing which gave me the least assistance. I went to see his relations, but they knew less than I did. They were his cousins, for Conant's parents were dead, and he was an only child. After that, I commenced a system of advertising. I would cause notices to be inserted in the leading newspapers all over the country, and also in Europe—notices which no one would understand but Conant, but which he could not fail to understand. I kept this up year after year. I sent these to every principal city in the United States, to London, to Paris, to Amsterdam, to Berlin, to St. Petersburg, and other places. No token came from these efforts. As you will perceive, by-and-by, not one of these notices ever reached him—could not have reached him.

"Last summer I made an excursion into one of the most remote and unfrequented portions of our country. I had reached what seemed to me the extreme border of civilization—the last settlement in that direction. Two gentlemen, who had accompanied me, had given out about ten miles below, and were to wait for me till I had accomplished this little extra trip. I took a smart lad for a guide, and in this way comfortably reached the place I have indicated. A dozen families were scattered about in as many log-houses. They were engaged in felling timber—clearing the land, and, to some extent, cultivating the soil. A set of hardy, energetic pioneers, such as you meet on our northwestern frontier. I was made heartily welcome at the cabin of one of these, a 'shake-down' was promised me, and a seat at the table as long as I chose to stay. As to trout-fishing I could not go amiss; all the small streams which coursed from the mountains towards the river were full of trout. For game, anything from the fox-squirrel to the catamount and bear could be had without much extra search.

"I do not know why I should be going into these particulars," continued Evans, after another pause, "except that I dread to approach my subject. I tell you that Conant's disappearance had made such an impression on me that I preferred these solitary excursions to any other; they served, in a degree, to tranquilize my mind and—and—— I don't know exactly what I want to say, or, rather, how to express myself; but it always seemed to me I might meet him somewhere in some strange, out-of-the-way place. Do you understand?"

I nodded.

"The second day I was following a small mountain stream filled with stones and occasional large rocks, which guarded large pools of water, called by boys 'Trout-holes,' where I had to fight my way against the thicket of branches which almost completely secluded it. I had dropped my line into one of these holes, to reach which I was obliged to stand upon two slippery stones. A splendid fellow had seized the bait, and, to secure him, I made a sudden lurch to one side, heedless of where I was standing. The result was, in endeavoring to save my foothold, my ankle turned and I fell. I feared possibly that I had strained it seriously, and I had nothing to do but to hobble back to the cabin, which was, at least, a mile distant. It was slow work, and before I reached there I was suffering a good deal of pain. The people knew nothing of my profession, and the good housewife set to work in a practical way for my relief. One of the children were sent to pluck some wormwood which grew in the inclosure. It was bruised and mixed with spirits, and my ankle speedily bound up with it. I was greatly interested in the alacrity of the woman and the practical knowledge she displayed.

"'If it is not any better by morning,' she said, 'we must have the doctor look at it.'

"'The doctor!' I exclaimed. 'Do you mean to say that you have a doctor in this little settlement?'

"'Yes, indeed. He was here before any of us.'

"There flashed through my mind a premonition; then came a sharp, sudden pain, as if a knife had pierced me. It was with difficulty I had caught my breath.

"The woman noticed it.

"'I fear you are getting ill, sir,' she exclaimed.

"'Yes, I feel very ill indeed,' I said. 'Can't you get the doctor here right away?'

"'He lives a mile and a half off,' she answered, 'but I will go myself, He won't come unless a person is very sick. He is a strange man.'

"'Tell him,' I said, 'that I am very, very sick, and he must hasten.' I thought since I had began to falsify I would not make any half-way work of it.

"'Oh, I hope you are not so bad as that,' said my hostess.

"'Yes, yes; I am,' I answered. 'Be quick, I beg of you. Stop one moment,' I exclaimed. 'What is the doctor's name?'

"'He don't appear to have any name, sir. At least, nobody ever heard it. I told you he was strange. We call him the "*Strange Doctor*."'

"So saying, she started on her errand.

"I threw myself upon the bed and wrapped my cloak around me in a way that completely concealed my face. I knew who was coming—knew to a certainty.

"In about three quarters of an hour I heard footsteps approaching. I peeped through a fold in the cloak, and saw, entering the cabin with the woman, a large, stout man, dressed in the coarsest materials, with long, flowing hair and uncut beard. He wore upon his head a slouched hat. From underneath the broad brim shone eyes which, once seen, could never be mistaken.

"It was Conant.

"He came up to the bed, and in a quick, decisive tone he asked. 'What is the matter with you?'

"Not a soul was present in the room; the woman had gone to attend to her regular duties—not a soul was in the room save Conant and I.

"I threw back the cloak from my face and looked at him intently. He did not appear to recognize me.

"'Albert,' I said, 'I have come a long way to see you.'

"'To torment me,' he replied, without changing a muscle.

"'Good God!' I exclaimed, 'can this be you, Conant?'

"'No; it is not I. Does that satisfy you?' was his answer.

"It does not satisfy me,' I said. 'I will not be satisfied till I hear from your own lips what all this means. My presence here is accidental. I did not know you were in the vicinity. Had I known it I should have come, of course. I have searched for you over the world these seven years—these seven long years, by every means that I could devise. Now that I have found you, I will have an explanation. I will not quit the place till I get it, if I stay here the balance of my life.

"I had arisen from the bed, thrown aside my cloak and stood confronting him. His agitation was fearful to witness. Large drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead and rolled down

his face. His breathing became difficult and his frame shook.

"'You are not ill?'

"He spoke at last and in a natural tone.

"'A slight twist of the ankle not worth mentioning,' I said. 'Thank God, I hear your natural tone once more,' I continued. 'Conant, I will not intrude myself on you, except to hear how this has come about. That I must know.'

"'You shall have it,' he replied, after a pause. 'I cannot refuse as we stand face to face, but I would have traversed a thousand miles to have avoided it—to have avoided you.'

"'To have avoided me, Conant?' I said; 'Have you no memories of our past companionship, no thought of our old life together?'

"'Nothing, nothing whatever,' he replied, in a perfectly calm tone. 'If I exhibited emotion on seeing you it was not from such recollections, but—no matter. How shall we manage!' he continued, after a long pause. 'If you would hear what I have to say you must come with me; this is no place for it; but you cannot walk, and I have no means of transportation.'

"'I will walk,' I said, 'if every step is an agony.'

"I made the best preparations I could. The two hours' rest disclosed there was nothing serious after all, and taking Conant's arm we proceeded to his dwelling.

"You know there is a certain magnetism, a something which produces a sense of genuine companionship, when we take the arm of a friend. Between Conant and me this was always experienced in the strongest degree. Now there was none of it, no more than if I were grasping an inanimate object for support.

"Not a word was spoken the entire distance. We reached the place at last; a plain, log cabin like those in the neighborhood only smaller. The door was wide open and I went in. I found myself in a room which contained a small iron bedsted and bed, one chair, a small table and a chest of drawers, positively nothing else.

"Will you lie down' said Conant. I said that it was all right, and sat down upon the bed. Conant took a seat beside me.

"'It is a short story, and shall be quickly told.' He spoke in a sharp, incisive manner. 'You may remember the last letter I wrote you in reply to your promise that you would soon visit me—a long letter, wasn't it? Is it not strange,' he added, abruptly, 'that we are permitted no warning, no presentiment, no subtle, psychological premonition of what almost instantly is to happen to us, involving catastrophe and destruction. The letter, yes. I posted that letter with my own hands. It was already evening'—here Conant's voice grew hurried. 'On my way home I stopped to see Eleanor; we were to be married in three months, three months from that very day. Who Eleanor was and what she was to me—you used to know me and you may imagine.

"'I was in particularly high spirits when I entered the room. I found Eleanor quite in the same mood. She always enjoyed the perfection of health. We spent an hour together, then some friends came in, and in the course of our general badinage, one of her cousins remarked:

"'"I think it is too bad, doctor, that Eleanor has never given you an opportunity to show what a skillful physician you are. Can't you persuade her to be a little sick just for once!"

"'"No, indeed; not even for once," I said.

"'"On due consideration," exclaimed Eleanor, entering into the spirit of the scene, "I believe I am a little ill this evening, and am sure I should feel all the better for one of your prescriptions."

"'The jest ran round, Eleanor from time to time describing imaginary symptoms of a decidedly nervous character, and insisting that for the last two nights she had not slept well at all.

"'When it came to the point, however, that I was actually pushed by the company for a prescription, I unequivocally declined to make one.

"'"Ah," said Eleanor, "you do have patients who imagine they are nervous, with whom there is nothing whatever the matter, and for whom you are forced to prescribe. I have heard you say so. Now, I insist upon such a prescription. Do you know," she added, turning to one of her friends, "I have never yet set eyes upon one of his prescriptions."

"'It seemed foolish to continue serious, so I took my tablet and wrote this.' Here Conant produced a small scrap of paper. It read:

"'R.

Tr. Humuli - - Zi.
Sig.—One teaspoonful in a wine-glass of water on retiring. CONANT.

"This, you, of course, know," remarked Evans, interrupting his narrative, "was nothing more than the tincture of hops, utterly harmless. Neither narcotic nor anodyne, slightly sedative only."

"'"This will prove of the greatest service to you, madam," I observed, with a professional air. "In the morning I shall expect to find you entirely recovered." There was a general laugh as I made the announcement and quitted the room with solemn dignity.

"'I had several visits to make, so that I did not reach home until after eleven. The first object my eye rested on as I entered the hall was a favourite maid-servant of Eleanor's. She started up quickly on seeing me.

"'"Oh, doctor," she cried, "Miss Eleanor has been taken so sick. I have been waiting half an hour for you to come in. They said you might come in any minute."

"'Will you believe it, my first impression was that this was a ruse from the hilarious party I had left to bring me on the scene again. A second glance at the messenger undeceived me. "What is it?" I asked.

"'"I don't know, doctor. My young lady is dreadful. Won't you come right away?"

"'I was at the house in five minutes. When I went in, her mother met me.

"'"Doctor," she said, "what can be the matter with Eleanor? Almost immediately on taking your prescription she began to have the most fearful symptoms."

"'"Did Eleanor really carry out the joke and send for the medicine?"

"'"Certainly she did. Was there any harm in it?"

"'"No more harm than in a spoonful of milk; but I had no thought she would send for it."

"'"Why, immediately on taking it, her suffering commenced. After a few minutes I was alarmed; we sent for you. She grows worse every moment."

"'I went into Eleanor's chamber—*her* chamber. She was in bed, in agony—in a great and not to be controlled agony.'

"'"Albert," she cried, "I am so very, very ill! How long you have been in coming to me. You did not know how ill I was, did you, Albert? But you are so wise, you will relieve me; I know you will."

"'There she lay *in the thrall of death*. You will understand the symptoms: A pungent heat in the palate and fauces; a burning sensation in the stomach; a numbness over the limbs, even to the extremities. The action of the heart intermittent and weak, with violent retching, yet the head clear, and three-quarters of an hour lost. You know what that means. "Where is the medicine?" I asked. The vial was placed in my hands. It was the tincture of *aconite* which had been put up instead of what I ordered."

"She essayed to put her arms about my neck and to impress a kiss on my forehead. She expired as she made the effort.

"'What more is there to tell? I rushed to the druggist's. They had sent to the first petty place which came in sight. I roused the principal and demanded the prescription. It was correct. It had been put up by a young man considered to be competent and having experience. He fled that very night. Flight was confession. I was content that the wretch escaped.

"'I saw Eleanor laid in her grave; then I quitted the accursed town and went into the wilderness, where, I scarcely know. After a season I came here. Now let me conduct you back to your house.'

"'One word, Conant,' I exclaimed. 'Have you really nothing to say to me, your old, tried, loving friend? Do you throw me off in this way without a thought?'

"'You misunderstand,' he answered. 'I do not throw you off. I have no feeling—none. No sensibility touching the past remains to me—only Eleanor. I live only with Eleanor.'

"'But,' continued I, 'you do interest yourself in something. The folks here call you "doctor," and you came to me as such, not knowing who I was.'

"Conant laughed an unnatural laugh. 'It is true I sometimes attend these innocent people. I prepare their medicines with my own hands. Bread pills and coloured water from Magendie's dispensatory. It is my entire pharmacopæia—ha, ha, ha! Nobody dies.'

"'But, Conant, have you no thought of duty! You with your talents, your acquirements, the prospects that might still await you?'

"'Prospects! Talk you to me of prospects when her voice is hushed? Talk you to me of prospects who should call himself her slayer by making a jest of my profession? Prospects for me? Think you I could encourage a new ambition with that scene—a living scene—before me? Come, come!"

"He helped me back to the log-house and turned and left me."

* * * * * *

Just then a company of merry voices broke in on us—hearty, healthful, strong. These came from a party of English people who were rowing about in their boats.

I looked at my watch. It was exactly twelve o'clock.

"Evans," I said, "there is no sleep for me to-night. Let us go on the water."

"It is what I was about to say myself," he replied.

We quitted the room and engaged a sturdy fellow for the night. A full moon shone over the mountain peaks and across the green valleys and upon the smooth waters of the lake.

We talked of everything—everything except what had lately so intensely held us; chatted about trivial scenes and nonsensical matters; and, so strangely contradictory are our human attributes, we laughed and we jested over them.

In this way the night wore on—the night during which neither of us felt willing to land.

It was not till the sun had sent his first glance above the glacier, across the bosom of the lake, that we attempted to find rest in a brief slumber.

COLORED cotton flannel is used for tidies and dofa pillows. An inner square of a light shade with a parker border is a pretty style. In the tidies corner sieces of a contrasting shade may be introduced into the border.

VARIETIES.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Before further steps are taken to popularize the electric light it would be well to appoint a committee of experts to determine the effect of that agent on the organ of sight. It is, the London *Lancet* thinks, by no means certain that the light can be used for ordinary purposes, such as reading and writing, without injury. In any event this is a matter for investigation, and the issue raised is too serious to be treated without due consideration. There is a question that some peculiar effect is produced by this agent; and if the physical effects on the organism are in any degree proportioned to the sensation, they can scarcely be without consequence. The inquiry should, for the sake of inventors and the public, be undertaken and completed without needless delay.

THE GIRLS OF CANADA.—The girls in the principal cities of Canada are noted as follows:—Montreal, the best dressed. Toronto, the tallest and most stylish. Quebec smallest feet; all dumplings and lambs. London, the most demure. Kingston, robust and blooming. Hamilton, the best musicians. St. John, N.B., the prettiest. Halifax, the best complexions. Port Hope, intellectual and vivacious. Cobourg, fond of music, the wharf promenade and flirting. Brockville, lady-like and graceful. Prescott, the most amiable. Brantford, the most indifferent. Sarnia, the most anxious to be loved. Bowmanville, the most anxious to be married. St. Catharines, the wittiest and most refined. Charlottetown, the most truthful. St. Johns, Nfld., the most liberal entertainers. Peterborough, the most unsophisticated, with a weakness for skating. Belleville, the most reckless. Ottawa, the most intellectual.

A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.—A curious microtelephonic experiment took place at Bellinzona, Switzerland. A travelling company of Italian singers were to perform Donizetti's opera, "Don Pasquale," at the theatre of that town. M. Patocchi, a telegraph engineer, took the opportunity of making experiments on the combined efforts of Hughes's carbon microphone as the sending instrument, and Bell's telephone as the receiver. With this object he placed a Hughes microphone in a box on the first tier, close to the stage, and connected it by two wires, from one to one and a half millimetre in thickness, to four Bell receivers, which were placed in a billiard-room above the vestibule of the theatre, and inaccessible to sounds within the theatre itself. A small battery of two cells, of the ordinary type used in the Swiss telegraphic service, was inserted in the circuit, close to the Hughes microphone. The result was completely successful. The telephones exactly reproduced, with wonderful purity and distinctness, the instrumental music of the orchestra as well as the voices of the singers.

DEATH OF M. MINIE, INVENTOR.—The death is announced from Paris of Claude Etienne Minie, the inventor of many and important improvements in firearms. Born in Paris about 1805, as soon as he was old enough M. Minie enlisted in the army as a private, and served several campaigns in Algeria. Promoted to a captaincy of chasseurs, he devoted himself to inventing improvements that would perfect the service of the infantry. Favored with the special protection of the Duke of Montpensier he was able to secure the adoption of various of his improvements which affected the shape and make of balls, cartridges and gun-barrels. He was decorated in 1849, and in 1852 made chief of a battalion of horse. M. Minie refused to go to Russia and apply his inventions there, though offered still further promotion. He was long in charge of the shooting-gallery at the Normal School at Vincennes, and contributed to the perfection of portable arms. In 1868 he was called by the Pasha of Egypt to go to Cairo and direct the manufacture of arms and a school of shooting there.

LIGHT-COLOURED CLOTHING FOR WINTER.—We have more than once asked attention for the undoubted effect of colour on the radiating power of clothing. Remember that the only source of animal heat—during the winter season especially—is located within the organism, and that the use of clothes is to conserve the caloric, it is important to take advantage of every circumstance which will help the result desired. Certainly light coloured substances approaching to white do not part with their heat so readily as dark. The bear of the Polar regions is for this reason provided with white fur, while his brother of warmer climates has a dark coloured integument. It therefore seems to be desirable to prefer bright to sombre hues, and if this choice were made the result would be an air of additional cheerfulness in the public streets. Fashion is, of course, omnipotent and inexorable, but if not too late, we should like to urge the consideration suggested by science and common sense on those who have not yet laid in their store of winter clothing. The matter may seem of small moment, but the life we live is made up of small considerations and little affairs.

A RAILWAY ADVENTURE.—A former superintendent of the Providence and Worcester Railroad says that one night when stationed at Providence in charge of the freight department a freight train was late, and there remained but twenty-five minutes to clear the track for a coming express train. This wasn't unusual, and as the red light was burning for a signal no one felt alarmed. Hilton says: "I walked out to the very end of the depot platform, anp there I suddenly heard in my ear these words, twice repeated and with impressive distinctness, 'Hilton, the light will go out! Hilton, the light will go out!' The sound was so positive, and struck me with such strange power, that I instantly looked at my watch, saw that the Shore line express was due in three minutes, grabbed the red lantern on the last car of the freight train and ran up the track with all the speed of which I was capable. Along I fairly flew, impelled by some strange intuition that there was danger, and never questioning for an instant, as I ran, why I was running or what I was to do. Arrived at the first end of the curve near the Corliss engine-works, I stopped and for an instant turned and looked back at the red light. It was burning, but in a second it fluttered a little and suddenly went out," and there came the express train. Hilton shouted and swung his lantern, and the engineer seeing him whistled down brakes and avoided collision. Then they examined the light and could see no possible reason why it should have gone out. It was full of oil, with a perfect wick, and there was no wind blowing, although if there had been it should have remained burning, as it had before through many a storm. There were ordinarily but two passenger cars on the express, and this night there were seven, all full. Hilton firmly believes the voice was supernatural.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SIG. CAMPANINI can sing the tenor rôles of 80 different operas.

"LES CLOCHES de Corneville" has reached its six hundredth performance at the London Globe.

MR. TOOLE has received letters of condolence from the Prince of Wales and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts on the death of his son.

SELECTIONS from the Earl of Dunmore's new opera "Crescencia" have just been performed in Liverpool, the Earl conducting the orchestra himself.

IT is said that Verdi is composing a new opera. The libretto, which has been written by M. Arrigo Boito, is founded on "Othello," but it is not yet certain what title will be chosen for the work.

PERSONAL.

MR. GARNEAU is mentioned as likely to succeed Hon. Mr. Panet as a Legislative Councillor, he retiring through illness.

THE report that Hon. Letellier de St. Just is in a dangerous condition is contradicted. On the contrary, he is in a fair way of recovery.

THREE brothers named Lemoine have just come into the possession of $60,000 through the death of a relative. The money was, it seems, left to a nun, but she was unable to inherit it.

THE Hon. Messrs. Harbord and Bagot and Mr. A. A. Murphy have gone up the Ottawa on a moose hunting expedition. They will go as far up as 200 miles and may be absent two weeks.

HIS Excellency the Governor-General gave a skating and tobogganning party at Rideau Hall on Saturday afternoon week, which was largely attended. The sport was of the most exciting character.

MR. A. BIRCH, of the town of Huntingdon, Quebec, was in Ottawa with a novelty in the way of combination snow-shoes, ice-boat, sleigh and toboggan. The inventor exhibited it to the Governor-General. A practical use was made of the invention by Mr. Birch in travelling 59 miles in one day from the Nation River, taking advantage of the ice-boat at intervals. The whole journey from Huntingdon was made on foot, and on the ice-boat when favourable.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A ROCKING chair is just as necessary to a woman's comfort as a mantelpiece or a window-sill is to a man's.

IT is difficult to understand why a wife never asks her husband "if the doors are all locked" until after he is snugly covered up in bed.

SOME magazine writer says: "A woman becomes sensible at twenty-five." Then the woman is about one hundred and thirty years ahead of some men.

IF you watch a woman's mouth closely when she dresses the children for Sunday-school, you'll find out where all the pins come from, and, of course, it must be where they all go.

MISTRESS: "Has any one called while we were out, Sarah? Sarah (the new servant): "Yes, ma'am, two ladies, but I did not catch their names, and they had not got their tickets with them.

IT is nice when a wife gives her husband a box of cigars on his birthday, but it somehow takes the romance all out of it when she quietly observes next morning, "You'll have to give me some money to pay for those cigars; I spent all mine for other things."

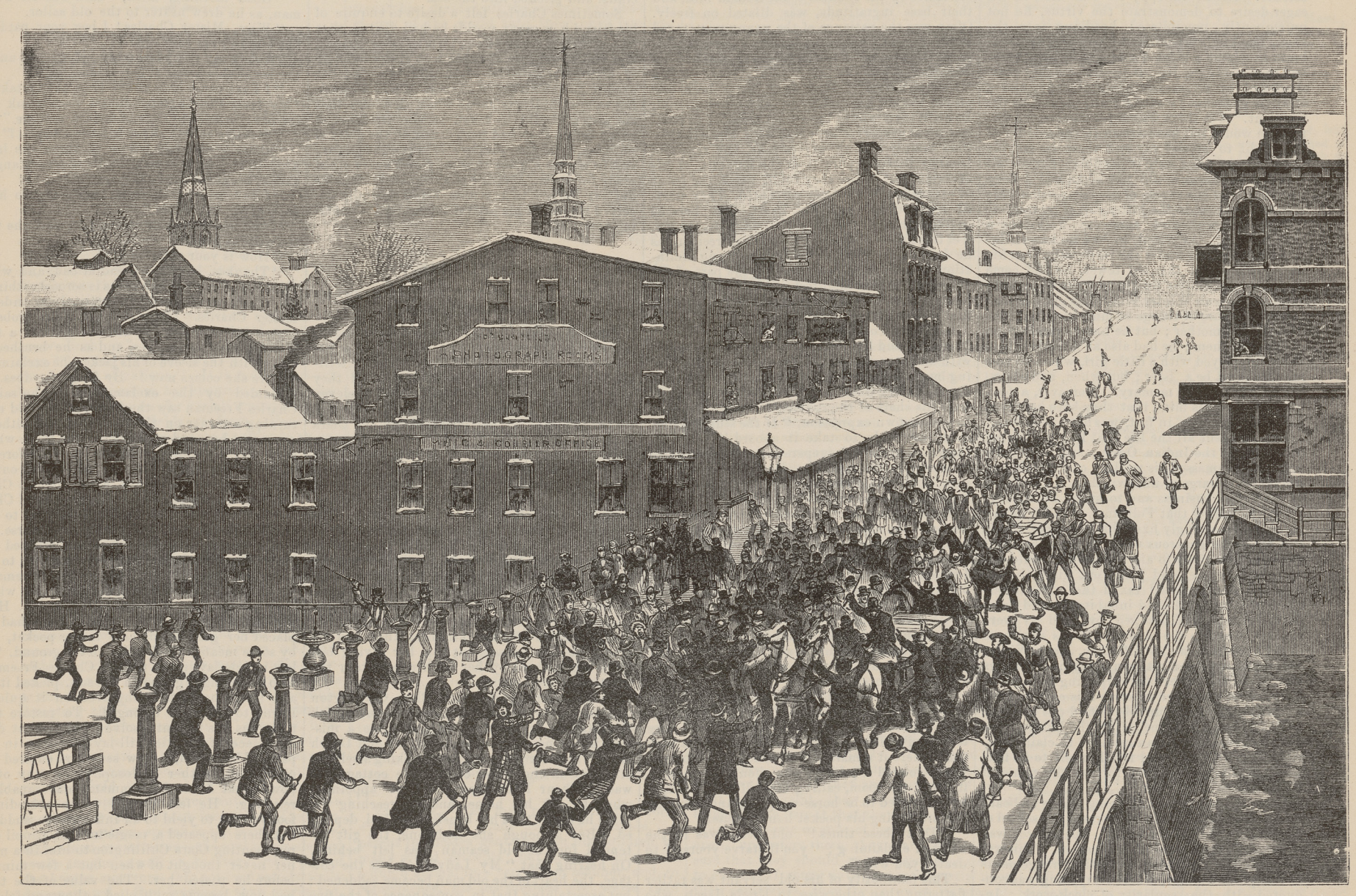
A LITTLE bit of a girl wanted more and more buttered toast, till she was told that too much would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the dish for a moment, she thought she saw a way out of her difficulty, and exclaimed: "Well, give me annuzer piece and send for the doctor."

Two kittens belonging to a Bath, Me., house cat were sentenced to be drowned in presence of the mother, whereupon the animals suddenly disappeared. Two days later the housewife jokingly said: "Now, puss, if you will keep your kittens from under my feet, they are safe." It was not long before all three were seen coming toward the house.

A WARNING addressed to his son by a manufacturer of the old school—a man whose commercial type is probably as extinct as the patriarchal race who had lived, like him, in five English reigns—was by chance or choice cast in an epigrammatic form still remembered after fifty years. "Tom," he said, "I have known men who made money, and did not spend it; and I have known men who spent money, and did not make it; but I never knew a man who could both make money and spend it." The father himself was a prosperous example of the first group, and he believed his son to be aspiring to similar success in the last.

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

VIEW OF ST. MICHEL DE BELLECHASSE.



MAINE.—RESISTING THE REMOVAL OF ARMS FROM THE ARSENAL AT BANGOR.

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CLARA CHILLINGTON;

OR,

THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY

THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER,

Rector of La Porte, Ind., U.S., and formerly co-Editor with Charles Dickens of *All the Year Round*,

EDITED BY THE

REV. WILLIAM SMITHETT, D. D., of Lindsay, Ont.

CHAPTER VI.

SAMPHIRE COTTAGE.

The cottage bearing this name stood overlooking the sea, and on a higher situation than most of the houses surrounding it. That residence, with its green door and window-shutters, and trellis work, which formed a porch, over which climbed the sweet-scented jessamine, was well known in the neighbourhood. Standing in its own little garden, it seemed to pride itself on its superior elevation, and to cast a scornful smile on the humbler dwellings beneath it. He who occupied that dwelling was a being of an erratic brain; and one of his numerous whims had been to erect in that garden a stout mast, from the top of which on Sundays might float the national flag.

The owner and occupier of Samphire Cottage was a man without a pedigree, or such a subject of family pride as was known to himself, neither could he find any one who could give him the information on it he desired. In appearance, this strange man was a fussy, well-to-do person, with a flesh colour on his cheeks, and locks whitened with advancing years. In stature he was short, and in form thin, while his active habits told him to be a man whose brain was seldom at rest. There was a mock gravity settled on the countenance of Jacob Winter—for such is the appellative he chose to wear, his real name being unknown to himself—that gave a comicalness to his aspect, and that seemed at once to invite and repel the desire to make of him a confidant.

Jacob Winter was desirous of being thought the friend of everybody, and yet but few persons could have confidence that such was the case, and for the unfortunate reason that, in his intercourse with mankind, it did not seem possible for him to distinguish between honesty and insolence. It was unhappy for him that, in his eager desire to demonstrate the virtue, he not unfrequently precipitated headlong into the vice. The kindness of the old man was as a sunbeam in winter; if for a moment it burst forth and thawed his rigidity, it became quickly overshadowed by an assumed misanthropy, and a stiffness of manner would follow, painful to the recipient. Yet there was not a case in the district he would not have arisen in the middle of the night to attend to, and those in trouble would obtain relief were it possible; but for all this, his kindness would not command a deep gratitude; for the sweets of his compassion were always presented in the bitter cup of reproof.

This old gentleman came to Folkstone a wealthy man. As stated, he had no knowledge of his family, and under the impression that his native place was that old tower, he had come from the East Indies for the purpose of making enquiry. Jacob Winter took it for granted that from the nature of things he must have had both a father and mother; but he had no recollection of either of them; he had also an indistinct idea of having played with a little girl, whom he now thought must be a sister; but when, and where, had faded from his memory. Moreover, a feeling possessed his mind that they both had lived with a person who, in fact, was not a relative.

Having spent all the life that he remembered in trading in the Indian Ocean, and having by such means amassed his wealth, on returning to England in charge of his own ship, he resolved to retire from business and to spend his money. From the feeling that Folkstone was his native place, he accordingly fixed his residence there, and made the generous offer of three hundred guineas to be given to any person who could tell his proper name, and point out his pedigree. This tempting proposal taxed the adventurous spirit of many of the old inhabitants, and Samphire Cottage was besieged by such as were anxious to obtain the reward. In his eagerness to get a solution of this difficulty, Jacob Winter submitted to the most vexatious questionings with a patience afterward surprising to himself. Every effort employed to solve this enigma having failed, and being unable to find out to which of all the twigs or branches of the human tree he belonged, the old man resolved to claim a relationship with all, and felt himself to be flattered in having applied to him the name of "Uncle Jacob."

From the preciseness of doing things on board a first-class ship, which had formed the school of his life, with all his volatility, Uncle Jacob was in some things a rigid disciplinarian. This was particularly seen in the domestic arrangements at Samphire Cottage, where everything was conducted with the regularity of clock-work. Indeed, they were timed by the clock placed in the hall of the cottage, and Betty, the old servant and housekeeper, and the only person who occupied with its proprietor Samphire Cottage, was charged to be in all things ready to the minute. In the morning, therefore, breakfast was always on the table precisely at the hour of eight; dinner, at the somewhat plebeian hour of one; and tea, exactly at five o'clock. Not a minute from these hours did Jacob Winter sit down to his meals; and had not the servant been punctual, a domestic storm would have been created not to be easily forgotten. But of this there was no fear; for the old housekeeper so timed her engagements as to be in herself a kind of moral machine.

Uncle Jacob had known Captain Freeman in India; they had been companions ashore; and in the register of his good opinion he stood A 1. When, therefore, the old man heard of the loss of the *Fairy Queen*, Samphire Cottage exhibited the deepest expression of mourning, and the Union Jack floated at half-mast for a week. The leathern heart of the ex-captain was softened by this event more than by any other circumstance he had up to that time met with. From his acquaintance with the drowned man, his friend claimed the prerogative to visit the bereaved home, and the condolence he offered the widow was both deep and sincere, while Charles, from the striking resemblance he bore to his father, became a great favourite.

Jacob Winter had never loved. He had never seen any particular reason why he should love anybody; yet the heart that he possessed, if rightly trained, was capable of loving ardently and long. When, therefore, the tendrils of his affection commenced entwining themselves around Charles Freeman, the exercise from being so long delayed gave to them an increased strength, and the youth became at once the old man's idol and his torment.

From the familiar intercourse which had sprung up between himself and the family of Captain Freeman, winter evenings found Uncle Jacob sitting at the domestic hearth as the lecturer of Charles. On such occasions the severest strictures on the badness of the human race, and their base ingratitude, was dilated on freely. Often was the patience of the young man taxed to the utmost limit of endurance; and at this point the climax in the lecture was reached by denouncing him as an "idle rascal," and a "scampish dog." Had such terms been employed toward his protegé by any other person, Jacob Winter would have been tempted to commit some desperate act; but with himself they were simply teasing expressions, the result of feelings flowing pure from the fountain of his affection, but before they could reach the point of expression had become corrupted. They started immaculate from his heart, but became polluted in their transit to the end of his tongue. Yet there were times when Charles Freeman, as he drew nearer to manhood, felt a strong inclination to resent such outbursts on the part of the old man; but the slightest move in such a direction filled his soul with regret, and drew from him a thousand apologies.

Samphire Cottage was always open to Charles Freeman, and his happiness was there studied with an earnestness akin to worship. Not being burthened with an accumulation of learning, Jacob Winter was determined his protegé should have his share of the coveted treasure, that was, to use his own expression, "If the stupid fellow could be made to take it aboard." Having, therefore, made such preparations as were deemed necessary before entering college, Charles Freeman, with whom learning was a luxury, found himself matriculated at Cambridge.

The morning, at the close of each vacation, that saw the departure of the young man from home, was always a gloomy one at Samphire Cottage. The coach that was to bear him to London left his native town as early as six o'clock; but long before that hour Uncle Jacob aroused the neighbourhood in knocking at the street door of the residence of Mrs. Freeman. The old man always persisted in being at the coach office that he might say "Good-bye;" but when the moment arrived a choking sensation always prevented him.

From the coach office, after a long walk, Uncle Jacob proceeded to breakfast. There stood his early repast in the shape of eggs, bacon, dry toast and coffee—and at the minute; but at such times there it remained untouched until the servant removed it; for he who should have eaten it paced the room, calling himself an old stupid who deserved to be horse-whipped, and stood by the fire drying his pocket handkerchief.

"Drat these times!" old Betty was in the habit of exclaiming; "you'll starve yourself to death, you will."

This familiarity of his old servant was rather flattering than otherwise to Uncle Jacob, who accepted the reproof as grateful incense offered at the shrine of his affection for that "scamp."

Not only was the time for the departure of Charles Freeman a period of excitement at Samphire Cottage, but his return was, if possible of greater importance. For weeks before the ending of the college term, Jacob Winter would daily assail the letter-carrier. Lying in wait for that servant of the public to pass his residence, the old man would pounce upon him, and with an earnestness amounting to positive anxiety entreat of him a letter. So anxious was he to receive a letter from Charles Freeman, and so earnestly did he put the enquiry, that it appeared as though he thought the postman to be the possessor of magical skill, and capable of turning any letter he held in his hand into one from Cambridge. Could the letter-carrier have accomplished this little feat, the sum of ten guineas would not have been considered too much to pay for all the effort. The aspect of Uncle Jacob was truly piteous as the "Nothing to-day, sir," of the man of letters, fell upon his ear.

This sorrow arising from being disappointed, was generally followed by an outburst of wrath, during which bitter and cruel reproaches were heaped upon the memory of the absent one. In vain it was that Mrs. Freeman tried to excuse her son to the old man; everything she urged was indignantly thrust aside, and the delay attributed to indifference and neglect. But when at length intelligence was received that his protegé would be home on the morrow, the little cottage became at once the scene of delight. Indeed, there seemed a good show of reason for the saying of old Betty on such occasions, that "If any man was ever stark staring mad on any subject, Jacob was the man on the matter of Charles Freeman." So great was his wild delight, that it was with difficulty he could refrain from forcing his housekeeper to dance with him, and the only means by which he could conquer this feeling was to run into the garden and hoist the flag to the mast head.

The meeting of Uncle Jacob with his young friend was always the same. Full an hour before time he would be pacing to and fro in front of the coach office; and when that vehicle arrived he would assume a dignity, and stand as unconcerned as though it were no business of his who were the passengers. Charles Freeman always knew when to look for him; and on meeting him knew full well the salutation he should receive. Still maintaining his assumed dignity when addressed, he would turn suddenly and exclaim:

"What! Bless me! can it be you? I thought you to be dead and buried, and by way of respect was just thinking about ordering a mourning suit. Alive, and not to write! but it is the way of the world, and every generation gets worse and worse. This world! it is the worse place in creation, and the wonder to me is that it has not long since been burnt up to a cinder and pitched into the sea."

Sometimes Charles felt a desire to enquire of his friend how many worlds he had visited, that he could thus speak of our own by comparison; and also to ask for information on the possibility of casting our calcined earth into the sea; but usually he submitted in silence. It was a standing rule with Uncle Jacob when they met that not a step should be taken in the direction of home before they had both drunk of the glass of welcome. In the summer it was champagne, and in winter a glass of brandy and water stood ready for them. With his antiquated ideas he did not believe in any man being cordially received unless on his arrival he imbibed a cheering potation.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MISTAKE OF ONE BECOMES AN EVENT IN THE LIFE OF OTHERS.

For some cause Clara Chillington had resolved on meeting the pensioners on her bounty a few days before the ordinary time. This intelligence was communicated to them all, and they were invited to meet their benefactress at eleven o'clock in the morning. It was from reverence to the memory of her deceased mother Clara paid this annual visit of kindness to Folkstone. After her marriage with Sir Harry, Lady Chillington, a native of Folkstone, made it a religious duty annually to visit a cottage near to the church, and there dispense to age and wretchedness tokens of her benevolence. The poor of the town anticipated the coming of "My Lady," and on the first sign of approaching Christmas, the pensioners on her bounty smiled, with that apology for a cheerful laugh which is all that stern poverty will permit its victims to indulge in. When, therefore, the mistress of the Priory died, the recipients of her favour dreaded lest the kindness they had received should cease; but on her dying bed Clara was charged by her mother to sustain the practice.

On the morning on which Clara Chillington was to bestow her bounty on the poor, Dick Backstay by an unusual blunder made a mistake in the figures on the face of an old Dutch clock which for years had been ticking itself out of service in one corner of his little cottage. It was an hour later than the time appointed when he left his home, and on reaching the place he found that his benefactress had departed. But although she had gone, the gift intended for the old seaman was left behind. On hearing that "My Lady" had left the cottage, the heart of the old man became saddened; but ascertaining that in consequence of the fine weather it was her intention to walk home, without saying more than "Thankee," to the person who acted as her almoner, he pushed off with all speed that he might overtake her and offer his gratitude for her kindness.

The air was calm, and the sun was shining warm and bright for that season of the year, when the old sailor, suffused with perspiration from the haste he had made, and believing that by means of taking a short cut he was now in advance of Clara Chillington, seated himself on a dry bank, and shaded his eyes with his hat from the oblique rays of the sun, that his vision might not be retarded, and that he might the better see if she were approaching. Being thus occupied he did not see Charles Freeman who came upon him from behind.

Charles Freeman having finished his studies at Cambridge, was now spending his leisure in obtaining a collection of fossils of the ammonite and trilobite order found in the chalk cliffs of the district. Hitherto his life had not been marked by any event of interest save that of losing his father. The death of Capt. Freeman had not left his son wealthy, but with still enough to satisfy his moderate desires. This gave to him leisure; he made the goal of his ambition abstractly intellectual, and found a pleasure in the labour attending such a course. To him our globe seemed made for the study of mankind, and that in its furniture there lay concealed worlds of wisdom it was his duty, as it was his pleasure to find out. He made no pretensions to the voice of Fame; he was contented to remain unknown; and he employed his labours that he might gather to himself a greater fund of intelligence, and become more acquainted with the Creator through the medium of his works.

On the morning therefore that his humble friend, trusting his decaying energies to the control of gratitude, had been borne along at such unusual speed to offer the grateful feelings of his heart to the benefactress of his old age, Charles Freeman had been employed in adding to his collection, and had succeeded in obtaining an admirable specimen of the ammonite. Being engaged in admiring the natural treasure in his possession, himself had drawn near to Dick without seeing him; when therefore he caught sight of the old man, without being himself observed, he stood and looked on the friend of his dead father, the companion and playfellow of his childhood, and now the friend of his manhood, who would risk his enfeebled strength to save him from the power of reflection, and the feeling of genuine kindness filled his soul. Standing there in person somewhat tall, and slightly formed, with spirit flowing in a full current along every muscle, and with a countenance bearing the stamp of honest heartedness, he appeared the beau ideal of a gentleman, one whose candid aspect invited the weak and the oppressed to seek him for consolation and defence.

"Good morning, Dick," said Charles Freeman, as he drew nearer to the old sailor.

"Why, Mister Charles! I beg your pardon, but I didn't see you 'afore."

"I dare say not; but what brings you under the lee of this hedge this fine morning?"

"I have come here in the hope of overtaking 'My Lady Chillington,' that I may thank her for her goodness to the old woman and me."

"Has she extended her kindness to you?"

"Bless your heart! who is there she isn't kind to? I do believe that she is a very angel, and as beautiful as she is good."

"I have heard that she is ever ready to help such as are in trouble."

"Ah! she is her mother's girl, and she was too good to live."

"How is your wife, Dick?"

"Thankee, but she's dreadful bad, and when the wind is east'ard her pains is scroosheathin. I am afraid she'll never get better, I am indeed, Mister Charles." The thought of the probable protracted sufferings of his wife fetched a tear into the old man's eyes, and as he brushed it away with the sleeve of his jacket, he exclaimed, "Here she comes now! By Jingo she does."

Guided by the exclamation of the sailor, Charles Freeman saw the friend of the old man turning a corner on the road that had hitherto concealed her, and approaching the place where they were standing. Hurriedly therefore he took his departure, that he might be out of hearing when the thanks were offered. Clara was well known in the district, and when Charles Freeman met her he lifted his hat to her graceful inclination, and pursued his course.

The reason why Clara had not reached the place where Dick Backstay was waiting to receive her, arose from the fact of having remained to sketch the trunk of a decayed tree, whose curious appearance arrested her attention. Having finished her task she thought she had replaced her gold pencil case in her pocket, but by some means it had fallen to the ground. The lost article lay in the path of Charles Freeman, who on seeing it glitter in the sun, picked it up, and from the initials engraven on it quickly learnt to whom it belonged. To restore that trifle was his instant resolve; but as that delicate piece of artistic skill lay glittering in the palm of his hand, a new sensation entered his mind that neither philosophy nor any other power that he could command was capable of resisting. He felt himself to be exceedingly foolish thus to yield to an influence so sudden; but there appeared a magic in that pencil case representing Clara Chillington to him in a manner never thought of when but a few minutes before he passed her. The value of the trifle had now become multiplied a thousand fold in his estimation, and from the simple fact that it was her property. But there was no time to be lost in restoring it, and he retraced his steps just in time to see Dick Backstay with his hat under his left arm, and smoothing his forelock

with his right hand, approaching, ducking his head, to meet his benefactress.

"My lady," began the old man, "I'm monstrously sorry that I made a mistake in the hour you told us to come to you; but I assure you it was a mistake."

"Never mind, Backstay; I thought your absence to arise from some mistake in the hour."

"It did, my lady; but I couldn't let you go without thankin' you; and hearing which way you had come, I made all the haste I could to overtake you. I'm greatly thankful for your kindness; and I do hope that when pay day comes you will get a large share of the prize money."

Clara smiled at the nautical comparison of the sailor, and replied,

"You are welcome to the little kindness I have shown to you, and I am delighted with your sense of gratitude."

"Little! my lady; you're 'Eavens Hangel sent to visit us with relief. It isn't gratitude brings me here, it's sheer duty, and Dick Backstay was never the man to run away from his duty."

"Well, Backstay, I choose to call it gratitude." As Clara spoke this last sentence she cast on the old seaman such a look of sympathy as melted all further opposition.

"My lady knows best," he replied; "and some day it may lay in my power to serve you."

There was such earnestness in the remark of the old man that his words fell on the ear of Clara in the solemn cadence of a prophet's voice. "How can he ever serve me; and will it ever become possible for him to do so?" she inquired of herself; but before this question had died out from her thought, a manly voice uttered in tones distinct and clear addressed her:

"Begging your pardon, Lady Chillington, but is it your misfortune to have lost this treasure?"

On hearing these words Clara quickly turned to see the speaker, and Charles Freeman, with his hat raised, stood before her in the pride of manhood, and holding in his fingers the lost pencil case.

"Thank you, sir, that article is mine," she replied. "How unfortunate in me to drop it. It is in itself but a trifle; yet to me it is priceless as being the remembrance of her,"——Clara could say no more; a tear stood in her eye, and a sudden emotion checked the power of utterance. Delivering the pencil case, Charles Freeman politely bowing, retired.

"She is as beautiful as she is good," he said to himself, as he again descended the hill.

Bidding the old sailor good-morning, Clara pursued the path leading to the Priory.

(To be continued.)

LANGUAGE, ITS ORIGIN, &c.

[A paper written for the C. L. S. of Belleville, by P. Denys.]

Among the sciences which have engaged modern research, comparative philology justly holds a primary rank. Not only has this branch of learning served the cultivation of classical literature, but it has also been a patent aid to the solution of ethnological and historical questions. Upon this, however, as upon mostly all scientific subjects, writers of various periods seem to have widely diverged. For instance, we see, in early times, Origen claiming for the Hebrew priority over all other languages. Later on, we have Gorofius who struggles to prove that Dutch was the language spoken in Paradise. In our own day, we behold Max Müller learnedly propounding completely different theories and assuring us that "of the language of Adam we know nothing." It has been truly asserted that "language is the outward appearance of the intellect of nations." It is indeed through her poets, her orators, her historians, her *savants* that a nation raises for herself monuments imperishable in the fields of fame. Hence the study of the dead languages in order to an intimate acquaintance with the inspired Christian writers. In a similar way, have frequent inquiries into the analogies and relationship of language served high and useful purposes.

Language, from the latin *lingua*, the tongue, is, in its primary meaning, the expression in articulate sounds of the thoughts and emotions of the human mind. It is, therefore, by a figure of speech that bodily gesticulations as among deaf-mutes, are termed "language."

Coming to the origin of language, it can not, as some assert, have been the ingenious contrivance of man. The formation of an intelligent mode of communication presupposes reflexion, and if, as some philosophers hold "reflexion requires words" such an invention was previous to the existence of language, utterly impossible. Adapting the better view that "the thought must exist before being spoken" does not, however, lead to a solution. Language could not have been contrived by one individual, since the rest of mankind could not understand him; neither could it have been formed by many, which presupposes an agreement, and there can be no agreement without language. That, according to others, speech is the spontaneous result of man constitution—the soul being adapted to the tongue as well as to every other part of the human structure—has not been satisfactorily demonstrated. Had language thus originated, why should such among the congenitally deaf as are possessed of intellect and vocal organs as perfect as our own be found incapable of giving articulate expression to what they feel. Were speech naturally inherent in man *every* human being, from the moment that intellect dawns upon him, should be capable of verbally transmitting his ideas to others. Such, we find, is not the case. Children deprived of hearing from birth, with vocal organs in no way different from our own require year after year of laborious training before they can be made to articulate sounds, even imperfectly. Therefore, I cannot believe language to be natural to man further than that he has organs fitted for its use.

Of language having been a pure gift of God to man, there can be little doubt. That "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech," as is certain from Genesis, is, I think, a powerful argument in favour of a revealed tongue. Were speech of human creation, not only would abstract ideas have, according to a certain theory, been, previous to its existence, unattainable, but, as exterior objects striking the senses produce reflexions and emotions almost as varied as the individuals, without Divine interference every man, in giving *spontaneous utterance* to his personal feelings, supposing *it* could be done—must have become an inventor, rendering *unite*, of speech, under those circumstances, totally impossible. This I will briefly illustrate, again making experience acquired among the speechless do service. Pantomine is the natural language of the deaf-mute, but every deaf-mute, before instruction, does not necessarily or naturally use the same sign to signify the same object. Taking for an example the "elephant," some will describe it in gestures "big, long nose," being struck with the peculiarity of the animal's trunk; others, amazed at its long tusks, will designate this creature by motioning "two big teeth coming out of its mouth"; whilst others again will remark the brute's immense head with the disparagingly small eyes. Now, how could there be a uniform sign indicative of the elephant, unless by convention. I conclude, therefore, that had men invented language, this oneness of speech which, according to scripture—and we must believe it—existed before the confusion of tongues, were an utter impossibility.

Whilst the claims of different languages to primity have vehemently been urged by various writers, the question still remains undecided. Dr. Cumming, an English divine, pretends "that Hebrew is that magnificent mother-tongue from which all others are but distant and debilitated progenies." Leibnitz and Müller, however, thought differently; the latter contending that that language sprang of Babel.

It does not enter into the purpose of this paper to consider the reasons which led to countless diversities of speech; neither have I time sufficient to touch upon the affinity of languages. I must content myself with remarking that modern philologists have, after most and profound researches, divided all the spoken and dead languages of the world into three great families. 1st. The Aryan; 2nd. The Semitic; 3rd. The Turanian. The former of these would, according to Müller, be the first language that we know of, having for its birth-place some elevated table-land in Central Asia, and dating far beyond the reach of either history or tradition. The Aryan ranks highest in value from its including Sanscrit, which, in turn, "contains all the fundamental sounds of the European languages:" Greek, Latin and the Celtic dialects.

The second group of languages include the Hebrew, Arabic, &c. The Aramiac, which embraced the Syriac and Chaldee, belongs to the Semitic family. It was the language spoken by Christ and His disciples.

The third and last comprises the Mongolic, the Malay, and Polynesian and various other branches. Time will not permit of our examining the comparative merits of French and English. This I may do at some future time. As nations rise and decay so also languages. Time was when Latin could be called the language of the polite world. Later on the French became more generally studied than any other language, and to-day, if we are to believe certain writers, the Anglo-Saxon race, with grasping spirit and love of conquest, military, commercial and literary, the United States with her twenty-five English speaking millions, and the influence of her institutions, will so extend the sphere of the English tongue that it must eventually supercede all other languages. Racine and Moliere die! . . . Shakespeare and Milton reign over their learned dust! . . . This, for a Frenchman, is hard of credence. Yet, after reading of Rome and Greece, may not we anxiously ask if the experience of the past be not the mould of the future. P. B.

Belleville.

HEARTH AND HOME.

USEFUL LIFE.—Thousands of men are like a wax candle in an empty room, which some one has kindled and left there. It spends its whole life in burning itself out, and does good to none. Many a man commences and burns the wick of life, using it up, and throwing his light out upon nobody. He is a light to himself—that is all.

EXAMPLE.—Men may preach, and the world will listen; but profit comes by example. A parent inculcates gentleness in his children by many sound precepts; but they see him treat a dumb animal in a very harsh manner, and, in consequence, his instructions are worse than lost, for they are neither heeded nor respected. His example as a gentle and humane man would have been sufficient for his children without one word of command.

A CHEERFUL HUSBAND.—A word to girls. Beware of the man who does not know enough about cheerfulness to understand its value in daily life. Such a man would improve the first opportunity to grind the cheerfulness out of his home, to frighten a sunbeam into a shadow, and then wonder what is the matter. Such is no better than no husband at all. When you want a husband go find somebody else—somebody who will give you at least some chance to be happy far into the life beyond the honeymoon.

SYMPATHY.—Sympathy and benevolence constitute those finer feelings of the soul, which at once support and adorn human nature. What is it that guards our helpless infancy, and instructs our childhood, but sympathy? What is it that performs all the kind offices of friendship, in riper years, but sympathy? What is it that consoles us in our last moments, and defends our characters when dead, but sympathy? A person without sympathy, and living only for himself, is the basest and most odious of characters.

EXERCISE.—There is a powerful reason for preferring a preponderance of intellectual over muscular exercises in all conditions of life, healthy or otherwise. The mind, unlike the body, is capable of apparently unlimited development during the whole extent of life, while its influence over the body is, even in ordinary subjects, at least as great as the converse influence of the body. With the highly-cultured it seems to be much greater; and this is probably the reason why brain-workers generally attain to a greater age than others.

HAPPY HOMES.—How careful should mothers be to make their homes sunny, joyous, bright, and attractive; for on them is built the great fabric of the years to come. The long chain of life-experience and lifetime memories begins there, and thought retravels the path so often, lingering here and there by the way, living over and over again the sunny springtime memories. Mothers too should instil into every member of their families not only a love for truth, honour, and virtue, but also love for temperance, correct living, and all the health commandments which are needful to a healthful life.

GOOD MANNERS.—The advantage of good manners to the private individual who happens to possess them are very often overlooked; and the success of a man in life is wrongly attributed to luck when it should have been ascribed simply to his affability and politeness. A hundred anecdotes have been related which prove the fallacy of the common idea, and show how men have been "made" by manners; but perhaps not any of them exceeds in interest that of two notable English characters — Raleigh, whose cloak is familiar to every child-reader of history, and Marlborough, whose tremendous victories might never have enriched our military annals had he not first earned court favour and promotion by his consummate address.

HOME FRIENDSHIPS.—If we cultivate home friendships with the same assiduity that we give to those outside, they will yield us even richer and fairer returns. There is no friendship so pure and beautiful in its nature, so rich and full in its power of blessing, or so singularly rare in its occurrence, as that between parents and their grown-up sons and daughters. Where the parental and filial instincts are supplemented by that higher and more spiritual affection that binds together minds in intellectual communion and souls in heartfelt sympathy, few deeper or more delightful friendships can be imagined. The guardian and dependent gradually lose themselves in the dear companion and true friend of later life; and youth becomes wiser and age brighter, and both nobler and happier, in this loving and abiding union.

CHANGE.—There are in existence two periods when we shrink from any great vicissitude—early youth and old age. In the middle of life, we are indifferent to change; for we have discovered that nothing is, in the end, so good or so bad as it first appeared. We know, moreover, how to accommodate ourselves to circumstances; and enough of exertion is still left in us to cope with the event. But age is heart-wearied and tempest-torn; it is the crumbling cenotaph of fear and hope! Wherefore should there be turmoil for the few and evening hours, when all they covet is repose? They see their shadow fall upon the grave—and need but to be at rest beneath! Youth is not less averse to change; but that it is from exaggeration of its consequences—for all seems to the young so important and so fatal. They are timid, because they know not what they fear; hopeful, because they know not what they expect. Despite their gaiety or confidence, they yet dread the first plunge into life's unfathomed deep.

THE WANT OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.—There are some who never seem to believe themselves capable of anything; they see others press forward to attempt and achieve, and shrink back into a desponding inactivity. Having no faith in themselves, they undertake nothing and effect nothing. If they are convicted of some fault or bad habit, they have so little hope of being able to cure it that they scarcely make an effort. If some avenue of usefulness and honor opens up before them, they draw back, almost sure that they should not succeed, and decline to enter. If some duty presses urgently upon their conscience, they try to quiet its promptings by pleading inability. Thus their lives pass away in uselessness, their faculties do not develop or their characters improve, their abilities are wasted, they dwindle into insignificance, and all this, not for lack of power, but for the want of a confidence and courage that would set that power into good practical working order.

FAILURE.—The large proportion of failure in business and the professions is often used as an argument against the wisdom of young men attempting to be independent. But it is no argument at all. Most of the failures result from defects in the men, not in what they have undertaken. They have been imprudent, dishonest, careless, extravagant, over-ambitious, and therefore they have met with disaster. If they have not, if they have conducted their affairs intelligently and properly, they will be pretty certain to be so sustained and helped as to be able to go on again; and the next time circumstances over which they have no control will not, in all probability, declare against them. Out of failure not traceable to dishonourable dealing, incapacity, or recklessness, prosperity may, and often does, spring, for a new trial is generally accorded to him who has worked faithfully, and not abused public or private trust. Honest failure is not calamity; it excites sympathy and insures timely aid, for the most part, finally resulting in justification of, and advantage to, the man who has failed.

BEAUTY.—Life, long and happy, to English beauty! Despite all that has been, or ever will be said of its fragility, its danger, its destruction, it is a blessed thing to look upon and live amongst. Talk of its fading! it never fades; it is but transformed from face to face. The bud comes forth as the blossom is perfected; and the bud bursts into blossom but to hide the falling leaves, fragrant amid the decay of the parent flower. Then the beauties of our country are so varied. The peasant girl, gifted with pearl-like modesty; and the courtly maiden, set, as her birth-right, in a golden circlet, the intellectual face beaming intelligence; and the English matron, proud as Cornelia of her living jewels. Nor is the perfectness of English beauty confined to any class. In summer time you meet it everywhere—by the hedge-row, in the streets, in the markets, at the opera, where, tiers on tiers, hundreds upon hundreds of lovely faces glitter and gleam, smile and weep; and then you wonder whence they come, and bless your fortune that they so congregate to harmonize the sight in sweet accordance with the ear.

LITERARY.

MR. CRAIK, the husband of Dinah Maria Mulock, is a partner in the firm of Macmillan & Co., London.

MR. FROUDE, the historian, has received from Madeira the melancholy intelligence that his son had suddenly died in South Africa, where the deceased gentleman was engaged in farming pursuits.

MR. ARTHUR GILMAN, of Cambridge, Mass., has nearly ready a book called "Shakespeare's Morals," a collection of extracts of the poet's chief utterances on the great question of morality and life.

IT is said that *Punch* is to have a new editor—Mr. F. C. Burnand—in place of Mr. Tom Taylor. Mr. Burnand is the author of the dramatic criticisms in *Punch*, which are witty as well as good.

BRET HARTE is said not to be indolent, but he is slow, and we are told that he was accustomed to labour over a paragraph for hours. It was as much as his friends Robson and Barrett could do to keep him at work on the "Two Men of Sandy Bar."

THE author of the most extraordinary poem of the age, "The Light of Asia," is Mr. Edwin Arnold, a London journalist. He is under 50 years of age, and a scholar of great attainments. It is said that the poem was written at intervals during his cessation from daily labour.

HERBERT SPENCER is a delicate-looking man, with a fringe of beard around his throat in the style of Horace Greeley. He is nearly sixty years old, and has never made much money, having been at times pinched by poverty. He has gone to Egypt to complete his recovery to health.

MR. GEORGE STEWART, jr., author of "Canada under the Administration of the Earl of Dufferin." "History of the St. John's Fire," "Evenings in the Library," &c., has been honoured with election to the International Literary Society of Paris, of which Victor Hugo is President, and whose membership embraces such names as Tennyson, Longfellow, Bancroft, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Emerson, Castelar, and others. Mr. Stewart is the first Canadian to enjoy this honour.

MR. DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, the poet, lives a most secluded and retired life; he rarely goes into society, and even his brother does not venture to bring visitors to his studio It is since the death of Mrs. Rossetti a beautiful and swee -natured woman, that this habit of reserve has grown upon the husband she left to regret her. When she died, Rossetti was so wretched that he felt his own intellectual life was at an end, and in her grave he buried all the sonnets he had written, and which, by the way, were addressed to her. His friends, resolved that the poems should not be lost, opened the grave and rescued them; and after a time revealing to the poet that they were in existence, persuaded him to print them.

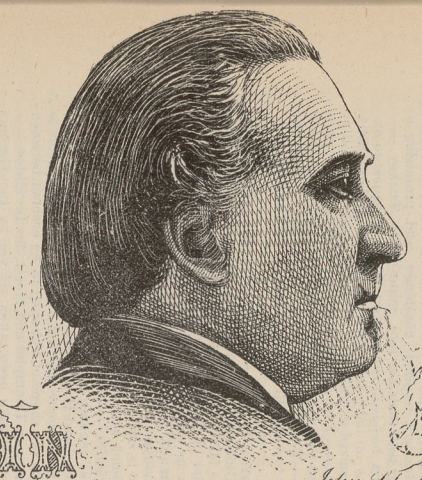
SPECIAL NOTICE.

Pimply eruptions on the face so annoying to the young and difficult to cure, can be entirely erradicated from the system by using ACNE PILLS. They contain nothing injurious nor, apart from the disease, do they in any way affect the constitution, save as a healthy tonic and an aid to digestion. Box with full directions for treatment and cure mailed to any part of Canada for $1, Sample packets 12 cents in stamps. Address, W. Hearn Chemist, Ottawa. e-2-w

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

THE OUTCAST'S RETURN.



To the Honourable HECTOR LOUIS LANGEVIN C.B. Minister of Public Works.

Sir,

Towards the end of the last Parliament, a number of your friends in the two Houses, decided on giving some expression to the sentiments of esteem which they, in common with so many others throughout Canada, entertained for you as a public man. At that time, when they determined on presenting you with this Portrait, which is so admirable a specimen of Canadian Art, you had just come successfully out of a series of Political conflicts in which all the possible devices of your opponents were combined to destroy your usefulness in this Country, and prevent you taking that place in Parliament for which your talents so admirably fit you. Fully conscious of your tenacity of purpose and of your rectitude of principle, your friends were confident that the shafts of your enemies were aimed at you to little purpose, and that the people would show that they could ill spare you from the political arena, but would soon call you back to take a place, and a most influential place, in the Councils of the Dominion.

Our expectations have been fully realized. Once more a Minister of the Crown, you are able to assist in accomplishing those patriotic plans, which the eminent Statesman, whose trusty Lieutenant you were for years, and whose place you were called on to occupy, at one hoped to carry out to their full fruition. For years Sir George Cartier fought the battles of his party alongside the illustrious Conservative Chief still happily spared to the Country. Through their cordial cooperation, the Confederation of these Provinces became an accomplished fact, and when the faithful Leader of the Conservative party in Lower Canada was so suddenly called away, your fellow-countrymen pointed to you as the Statesman who, above all others, was most fitted to assist in raising still higher the great political structure, whose foundations he had helped to lay at a most critical period in the history of these Dependencies of the Crown.

For the five years you remained in Opposition, it may be said that the Confederation made comparatively little progress. There was to evidently wanting in the Councils of this Country that patriotic foresight which enables men to understand the necessities of the great interests of the Country. Who can say what would have been the fate of this Confederation, still in its infancy, had the people been so blind to their own interests as to entrust the control of their affairs for a few years longer to men who seemed as ignorant of what was best calculated to strengthen and develope the Union. Happily for this Country the people have given once more the Government into the hands of those men, who were the founders of this Confederation, and who by their ripe experience and energy, are best fitted to carry out the great design of building up a new Nationality on this Continent, in the closest alliance with the Parent State.

Though the Government of which you are a member, has been only a year in power, yet it has already illustrated its energy by a broad and patriotic policy on those great questions which occupy the public attention, and the people already feel that confidence, without which trade must languish, and industry suffer. We can at least believe that the Pacific Railway, with whose inception you were so closely identified, and to whose completion you so lately promised to devote yourself, will be vigorously carried forward, in conformity with that settled policy, the issue of which must be the development of the magnificent wheat producing regions of the North West, and the founding of new homes for the struggling millions of the old world.

Nor must we forget the useful and patriotic part you have taken in connection with another matter of deep importance. Whilst the Ministry have been devoting themselves to the advancement of the material interests of this Country, they have been able at the same time to strengthen its political system, which is the result of many years of labor and difficulty, by frustrating the bold attempt that was lately made in your Native Province to weaken the essential principles on which the Constitution of this Country rests, and make Parliamentary Government a mere mockery and delusion. To you the people of Lower Canada as well as of the whole Dominion, owe a deep and lasting obligation, for the patience and sagacity with which you met the many obstacles that beset your path, during your stay in England, in connection with this matter, but which, happily, were insufficient to prevent the final success of your important mission.

In conclusion, we have to say that this is a more feeble expression of the kindly feelings entertained for you by your friends, who all hope that your health, so lately impaired, will be completely restored, so as to enable you to devote your full energies to the accomplishment of the many useful and progressive measures which the people expect will result from the joint labors of the Government of the day and which undoubtedly must earn for you renewed marks of a Nation's confidence, and a Sovereign's approbation.

Ottawa, 27th Novr 1879.

John Schultz Chairman.

Rufus Stephenson for the Subscribers.

Chas Mathieu, Ottawa, Sculpt.

The Names of the Subscribers are.

John Schultz	L. A. Quimet	Rufus Stephenson (Kent)	Thomas McGreevy	J. C. Pope
Theodore Robitaille	R. W. W. Carrall	(Ontario)	Joseph Ryan	J. Malouin
William Miller	John White (Hastings)	William McDougall	Arthur Dunster	James Domville
J. G. Blanchet	W. McDonald (Cape Breton)	(Toronto)	P. Routeau	L. A. Mousseau
A. Desjardins	J. G. Haggart	J. McKay	D. Baby	E. C. Cuthbert
	J. H. C. Methot	Charles Gill	R. W. Harwood	

Reply.

Mr Chairman and Gentlemen,

My Friends who, towards the end of last Parliament, were kind enough to believe that my Political struggles and services to my Country deserved some recognition at their hands valued them too highly. — I assure you that whenever I have had to meet my opponents, or to perform any other act that I considered useful or necessary to the welfare of Canada, I never expected a reward of any kind except that which is found in the performance of a duty — Nevertheless my friends having in the goodness of their hearts and in their friendship towards me determined on presenting me with such a beautiful specimen of Canadian Art, I have only to assure them that I am most thankful for their munificence and partiality. This Portrait I accept with the greatest of pleasure, and be sure that it will ever remain as an Heirloom in my family by whom it will be preserved, not only as a respected souvenir of the departed one, but as a proof of the sympathy, friendship and confidence of so many valued friends. — Mr Chairman The Address you have just presented me with, alludes in terms too eulogistic to my accession to the present Government, and to the part I took in the previous one, before and subsequent to the death of Sir George Cartier. — The signers of the address are right when they allude to me as the trusted Lieutenant of the Statesman who is now no more. — I was faithful to him, as I have invariably been to our great Confederation Leader Sir John Macdonald; and no one in the Dominion has regretted and continues to regret more than myself, the untimely death of Sir George Cartier. — He loved his Country as a lover loves his betrothed, and he was looking with confidence to the day when Canada, united from Ocean to Ocean by the Pacific Railway, would possess that position amongst the Nations of the World, which the Fathers of Confederation in Canada and in England had in view when they laid the basis of this great British American Empire. — But Providence had decreed that he would not see this accomplished, nevertheless the great undertaking he contributed so largely to build up has been left to the safe keeping of his twin brother, that great Statesman whose name will be written with his in letters of gold in the History, not only of Canada, but in that of Great Britain. — Confederation progresses. — The Pacific Railway is now a certainty. — It is being constructed on both sides of the Rocky Mountains, and before many years elapse Sir George Cartier's prophetic cry will become a reality, when the Conductors of the Pacific Railway trains shall cry out, "All aboard for the Pacific." — This word "Pacific" reminds me of the pacific mission to which the Address next alludes, and which was entrusted to me by the Governor General in Council. — This mission I endeavoured to accomplish to the best of my ability, and if the course I had in hand was a good one; if the expectations of a very large majority of the people of the Dominion were great and earnest, on the other hand, I found in England a Government ready to exercise justice, and to acknowledge that the powers and liberties which had been granted to us by the Imperial Parliament, were not a dead-letter, but that we had Responsible Government to its fullest extent. — Thus the work of Confederation has been saved, and the people of my native Province fully restored to their rights as British Subjects.

In conclusion, allow me, Mr Chairman, once more to thank the signers of this Address for their consideration and friendship, and to assure them that I sincerely concur with them in the hope that I may for some years yet continue in the enjoyment of good health, not only, as they remark, to devote myself to the accomplishment of my Official duties, but also to deserve more and more their kindness and regard, of which they have presented me with such a remarkable and enviable proof this evening.

Hector L. Langevin.

Ottawa, 27th November 1879.

Chas Mathieu, Ottawa, Sculpt

THE WICKED WORLD.

(Translated from Théophile Gauthier.)

The world is malevolent, dear,
For it says with a cynical sneer
That your bosom conceals, *ma petite*,
A watch, where a heart ought to beat!

Still, your breast, when emotion enthralls,
Like a wave ever rises and falls,
With the ebb and the flow of the tide
That o'er your young body doth glide.

The world has maliciously said
That your eyes, full of passion, are dead,
And revolve in their orbits on springs,
Like patent mechanical things!

Still, ofttimes a crystalline tear
On your eye-lashes trembles, my dear,
Like a pearl-drop of luminous dew
That clings to some violet blue.

The world is malicious—it swears
That your brain is as light as a hare's,
And that sonnets composed for your ear
Are riddles in Greek to you, dear!

Still, oft on your lips, that enclose
Like the leaves of an exquisite rose,
A subtle intelligent smile
Alights, like a bee, for awhile.

'Tis because you are fond of me, dear,
That the world in your case is severe;
Discard me—and then they will say,
What feeling and wit you display!

Montreal. GEO MURRAY.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

HIS VENERABLE TEACHER STILL LIVING—INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF THE POET.

A journalist a day or two ago had the good fortune to have an interview with the venerable Joseph H. Clarke, now 85 years old, who was the early preceptor of the poet, Edgar Allan Poe. In Eugene L. Didier's memoirs of Edgar Allan Poe, the following occurs: "On Mr. and Mrs. Allan's return from their two years' visit to England, Mr. Allan placed Poe in the academy of Prof. Joseph H. Clarke, of Trinity College, Dublin, who kept an English and classical school at Richmond from 1816 to 1825."

He greeted the press representative cordially, but it was plain to see that the aged man, though physically as hearty as many a man thirty years his junior, had grown mentally feeble under the weight of many years. When the old gentleman was seated, the reporter explained that he wanted any reminiscences of Poe that he could give.

"Edgar, Edgar," said the old man, rising, with a far-away look, as memories of old times flitted through his mind, "why, he was a born poet. One day Mr. Allan came to me and said: 'Mr. Clarke, I have heard much about your school, and as Edgar shows a decided aptness for classics, I have determined to place him under your care.' This was about 1820 or '21, and Edgar entered my school. He became one of the most distinguished of my scholars. He and Nat. Howard were in the same class. Nat. was as good, if not better, than Edgar in the classics, but Nat. couldn't write poetry as Edgar could. Edgar was a poet in every sense of the word. One summer, at the end of the session, Nat. and Edgar both wrote me a complimentary letter. Nat.'s was written in Latin, after Horace, but Edgar's was written in poetry. I came to Baltimore that summer, and I showed those letters to Rev. Mr. Damphoux, of St. Mary's College, and what do you think he said? 'Mr. Clarke, these compositions would do honour and credit to the best educated professor in my college.' Oh, yes, Edgar was a poet, and he wasn't more than twelve or fourteen when he wrote that letter to me."

"Did you keep it? have you it now?" the reporter asked eagerly.

"No, no," the old gentleman answered sadly; "I returned it to Edgar. One day after I had come to Baltimore from Richmond, Edgar came to visit me. I told him about the letters, and Edgar rose and said, with such a strange, yearning look in his eyes: "You couldn't do Nat. Howard and me a greater favour than to return us those letters. I think Nat. would like to have his, and I am sure I would give worlds for mine.' I gave them to him."

"Then you have no memento of Poe?"

The old man sadly answered, "No, sir; that's one thing I always regretted, not having kept some of Edgar's notes or poems. But then, you know, I couldn't tell at that time that Edgar would ever be a great man."

"Wasn't Poe a very handsome boy, professor?"

"Well, he had very pretty eyes and hair, and rather an effeminate face, but I don't think he was a beautiful boy. He had a very sweet disposition. He was always cheerful, brimful of mirth, and a very great favorite with his schoolmates. I never had occasion to say a harsh word to him while he was at my school, much less to make him do penance."

"Did he study very hard?"

"No; he was not remarkable for his application. He was naturally very smart, and he always knew his lessons. He had a great deal of pride."

"Did you ever see Mary Poe, Edgar's little sister?"

"Yes; she was adopted by Mr. McKenzie when Mr. Allan took Edgar."

"Was she pretty?"

"Well, really, I can't remember very well, but I think she was a very sweet and interesting child."

"You saw Poe after you left Richmond, of course?"

"Yes; when he came to Baltimore and stopped at the tavern, he would never forget to come and see me."

"Do you believe that your pupil was an habitual drunkard?"

"That I can't tell. I think he was fond of wine, and I know that I always opened a bottle for him when he came to see me, but then it was the custom of the age, you know, to drink wine at that time. Then, when Edgar became editor of *Graham's Magazine*, he sent it to me regularly gratis."

"Was he affectionate to you, professor?"

"Yes, indeed; I think the boy and man loved me dearly, and I am sure I loved him."

"When was the last time you saw him?"

"When he was laid away to rest, in 1849. I went to his funeral. A large number of persons were present, and I remember the minister who officiated dwelt long on the great man's virtues. Yes," he concluded, "Edgar, as a boy, was a dear, open-hearted, cheerful and good boy, and as a man he was a loving and affectionate friend to me."

BEACONSFIELD

AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET—A VIVID DESCRIPTION.

During dinner Beaconsfield sat for the most part silent. During his speech he had recourse at intervals to the glass of claret, or it may have been port, which was in front of him, which was full when he began and empty when he finished. His voice was strong enough to reach through the hall, with the help of a singularly elaborate and patient articulation of each syllable that he uttered. But it was hollow; it seemed to be fetched by a succession of calculated efforts from somewhere in his throat, and was husbanded as if he had only a limited supply, which might run out if not used with economy. He has very much the trick of mouthing his words which Mr. Irving has in his least happy moments. It is as if the muscles of the tongue were weak, and did not invariably respond to the will of the speaker; as if at times it required two distinct exertions, or even more to bring that useful member in contact with the palate. If you had heard him for the first time, you would not have said this man is a great orator. But you could not listen to a sentence without perceiving he had a consummate knowledge of the art of speaking in public, and consummate cleverness in making the most of his knowledge. When he came to refer to the murder of the English Envoy at Cabul, his tones grew so solemn, his attitude so impressive, there was in his manner such excellent mimicry of pathos, that one who did not know what philosophy he can bring to the endurance of woes not his own, would surely have believed that he was beholding the symbols of a genuine sorrow. But what is genuine in the man is his intellect and courage: together with his contempt for men whose intellect is kept in subjection to settled convictions, and whose courage is not sufficient to overrule conscience, or to disregard such facts as happen to be inconsistent with an effective statement.

Later in the evening Lord Beaconsfield paid Sir Stafford Northcote the compliment of supposing that his speech on finance was occupying the attention of the audience. He leaned back in his chair, his mask slipped off for a moment, the light from the great chandelier above streamed full on his face, and you saw what he was like when not posing for the gallery. The cheek grew hollow, the tint of his skin wax-like, the lips relaxed, the cavernous jaws fell slightly apart, the carefully trained curls on the left of the brow slid out of place, the fire sank low in his eyes, the whole face aged painfully in a minute. If ever a human countenance looked weary and bored and scornful, Lord Beaconsfield's was that countenance at that moment. Perhaps he felt that his speech had fallen flat in spite of the cheers; perhaps he did not care whether it had or not, but was simply tired or sleepy.

THE GLEANER.

A DISCOVERY of coal is reported on the shore of Lake Winnipeg.

GOLD has been discovered on the Black Brook, Cumberland, N.S.

IN the London parks the ornamental waters are covered with ice of considerable thickness.

THE iron trade in England continues to improve, and higher prices are looked for.

OTTAWA merchants generally say that business has not been as lively for the past ten years.

IT is stated that the Queen has signified her intention to erect a memorial to the Prince Imperial on the spot where he fell.

COMMANDER CHEYNE has succeeded in forming influential committees in Ireland to assist in starting the new Arctic Expedition.

THE great agricultural staples of the United States last year exceed those of the previous year by nearly five hundred millions of dollars.

ALL the Toronto dealers report an unusually good Christmas season, the money spent having exceeded anything experienced for several years.

THE large glass globes on the lamps at Parliament Hill, Ottawa, are all cracked and broken by the frost.

OVER 3,500 homestead entries were made during the year ending on the 31st October last in Manitoba, being considerably over double the number entered during the previous year.

THERE is a rumour that the office of Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Territories will be abolished at the approaching session of Parliament.

A COMPANY has been formed in Amherst, N.S., called the Cumberland Meat and Produce Company, for the purpose of exporting meat dead and alive, and other agricultural products, to Great Britain.

THE potato crop taken from the Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia, the past season, was the largest ever raised in that section. On Canard St. Cornwallis, a district about five miles long, 83,750 bushels were raised.

A NEW national anthem, "Columbia," written by P. S. Gilmore, was produced at the Academy of Music, New York, on Christmas Day. The general impression was that the production was commonplace.

THE newsboys and bootblacks of Boston now rejoice in an elegant reading-room, which was dedicated on Christmas day. It has baths, books, newspapers, a Chickering piano, dominoes, bagatelle boards; and entertainments of a pleasing and instructive character will occasionally be given.

GUSTAVE DORE is at present engaged in illustrating Shakespeare. He is so completely absorbed in the study of the great poet that he can think and talk of nothing else but Shakespeare, and is putting forth his whole artistic power in the endeavour to interpret him in a worthy manner.

FRERE-ORBAN.—Frère Orban, the Belgian prime-minister, while a poor law student, fell in love with the daughter of a rich aristocratic family named Orban. The girl returned his love, but her parents refused to encourage it. As the day for his examination drew near she said to him: "If you succeed, come in the evening to the box at the opera, in which I shall be with my parents and some of their friends."

"But will they admit me?" asked the poor student.

"I will take care of that," replied the girl. Frère passed the examination with great credit, and presented himself at the box. His sweetheart rose as he entered, and kissed him in the presence of the whole company. After that there was nothing for the parents to do but to announce an engagement between them. When the marriage took place he added, by their request, their aristocratic name to his more plebeian one.

BROWN PAPER AGAINST THE COLD.—The "old woman's" remedy for a "cold on the chest," a sore throat, or a bruise, which consisted in an application of brown paper steeped in beer or vinegar, owed its efficacy to the heat-retaining properties of the paper. A wet pad of this material, so far as the surface next the skin was concerned, acted almost as well as a layer of wet-linen rag protected with a thick covering of flannel. In short, stout paper of the commonest sort is an effective non-conductor, and may be most advantageously employed as covering for beds to eke out scanty clothing. If this were generally known among the poor, strong sheets of thick paper would be stitched to the back of ragged quilts, with the result of rendering many a poor family comfortable because better protected from the bitter weather of these winter nights. A piece of thick paper inserted between the lining and the cloth of a waistcoat, or in the back of a thin coat, will render it warm as well as light. The suggestion is a small one, but it is simple to carry into effect, and will be found effective.

SKATING FOR LIFE.—That skating has been in certain circumstances something more than a mere elegant accomplishment is well illustrated by two anecdotes, told by the author of some entertaining "Reminiscences of Quebec," of two settlers in the far West, who saved their lives by the aid of their skates. In one case the backwoodsman had been captured by Indians, who intended soon after to torture him to death. Among his baggage there happened to be a pair of skates, and the Indians' curiosity was so excited that their captive was told to explain their use. He led his captors to the edge of a wide lake, where the smooth ice stretched away as far as the eye could see, and put on the skates. Exciting the laughter of the Indians by tumbling about in a clumsy manner, he gradually increased his distance from the shore till he at length contrived to get a hundred yards from them without arousing their suspicion, when he skated away as fast as he could, and finally escaped. The other settler is said to have been skating alone one moonlight night, and, while contemplating the reflection of the firmament in the clear ice, and the vast dark mass of forest surrounding the lake and stretching away in the background, he suddenly discovered, to his horror, that the adjacent bank was lined with a pack of wolves. He at once "made tracks" for home, followed by these animals; but the skater kept ahead, and one by one the pack tailed off; two or three of the foremost, however kept up the chase, but when they attempted to close with the skater, by adroitly turning aside, he allowed them to pass him. And after a few unsuccessful and vicious attempts on the part of the wolves, he succeeded in reaching his log-hut in safety.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

THURSDAY, January 1.—Parnell and Dillon, the Irish Home Rule leaders, arrived in New York and received an ovation.——The *Aurora*, new Papal organ, made its appearance in Rome.——Governor-General held general reception at Ottawa.——Grand display of the new electric light by Edison at Menlo Park, N.J.

FRIDAY, January 2.—The body of a man named Mulligan was found burned to a crisp in his shanty, near Sherbrooke. The Coroner's jury came to the conclusion that he had been murdered, and William Gray, from the United States, has been arrested for the crime. Some money and clothing which belonged to Mulligan were found in his possession.—Serious disturbances occurred recently at Rio de Janeiro, on account of the levying of new taxes.——Greece declines mediation in her troubles with Turkey, and thinks she can fight her quarrel out best alone.——General Wolseley says the alarming reports of the hostile feeling among the Boers of the Trans-Vaal are much exaggerated.

SATURDAY, January 3.—*Galignani's Messenger* states that Richard Wagner, the composer, is very ill.——Gordon Pasha had an interview with the Khedive, and his reports on relations between Egypt and Abyssinia were considered satisfactory.

MONDAY, January 5.—Famine prevails in some districts of Bosnia. Eight thousand people are reported on the verge of starvation.——The new Mormon tabernacle, at Salt Lake City, which has been three years in course of erection, has been opened. The Apostle President Taylor attacked the enemies of polygamy, severely censuring the nation for opposition to the institution of Mormonism. He wanted to see whether Heaven or Uncle Sam was going to prevail. The audience embraced 5,000 people, and all hands went up; mothers lifted aloft the hands of their children, exhibiting a defiant attitude.

TUESDAY, January 6.—Legal holiday——The Czar has summoned Prince Dondonkoff-Korsakoff to St. Petersburg to discuss the threatening condition of affairs in Bulgaria. It is considered that a modification of the Bulgarian Constitution is necessary.——A large meeting of unemployed men in London to-day adopted resolutions asking the authorities to provide them with temporary work: also asking contributions of relief during the present great distress. The resolution in favour of emigration was rejected.——A flying column of 1,000 men has been formed for service in the Khyber Pass.——Her Majesty has telegraphed to Sir Frederick Roberts requesting him to make known to the troops engaged in the action before Cabul her admiration of their gallantry, and her sympathy for the officers and men wounded in action.

WEDNESDAY, January 7.—Opening of the Ontario Legislature. Election of Colonel Charles Clarke, of North Wellington, as Speaker.——A pamphlet has been issued from Berlin in relation to the defence movement of Russia on the German frontier, accepting Russia's implied challenge and promising a harder task than her late contest with Turkey.——Prussia has declined to grant Russia's request to extradite military deserters.——The Bulgarian militia have seized and closed a Greek church at Philippopolis.——The condition of the Czarina is so precarious that the Duchess of Edinburgh has been sent for.——The French Cabinet, it is stated, have decided to expel Prince Napoleon from the country.

THURSDAY, January 8.—Dinner by the Junior Conservative Club of Montreal, to the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Prime Minister of Quebec.—Daoud Shah, Commander-in-Chief of the ex-Ameer, has been sent to India as a prisoner——Prince Labanoff, the new Russian Minister to England, leaves St. Petersburg for London on the 15th instant.——The Queen of Spain is suffering from epileptic fits, brought on by the shock occasioned by the recent attempt on the King's life.——Russia's military movements in Asia excite general comment. The relations between England and Persia are said to be the most cordial.——The memorial to the French Prince Imperial is to take the shape of a chapel, to be erected between the Arc de Triomphe and Hotel des Invalides.——No steps have been taken as yet by the German Government in answer to Russia's request to extradite a number of military deserters who crossed the frontier into Germany.

FRIDAY, January 9.—H. M. S. Bacchante, with Princes Albert Victor and George on board, arrived in the West Indies on Christmas day.——Montenegro demands 2,000,000 francs indemnity from Turkey for delay in evacuating Gusinje.——Serious reports come from Berlin of the illness of Bismarck, and the fear of his demise within a few days.——Edison promises a monster exhibition of the electric light very shortly, which is to convince the greatest sceptics.——Fenians in several important towns in England, taking advantage of the present trouble in Ireland, are reviving the almost forgotten agitation.

SATURDAY, January 10.—British troops in the Kuram Valley are anticipating a general attack from the tribes.——Mohammed Jan has occupied Ghuznai with a strong force and a number of cannon, from which position, it is said, General Roberts will not attempt to dislodge him till the spring.——Disturbances have been renewed at Cork, and serious rioting has taken place at Connemara, on account of the opposition to process serving.——Ocean steamers arriving on this side from Europe report most tempestuous weather on the Atlantic. Captain Richardson, of the Allan steamer *Austrian*, says it was the worst trip he ever made. The *City of New York* was considerably injured by the heavy seas which broke over her during the voyage. Several European steamers are long overdue at New York.

ARTISTIC.

THE Queen has purchased the oil painting which received the gold medal in the Female School of Art.

A MEMORIAL to the late Prince Louis Napoleon, in the form of a cross, is to be placed on Chiselhurst Common.

THE number of exhibitors admitted to next year's Belgian National Exhibition amounts to 7,000. There will be a railway train worked by electricity.

MR. BELT has completed in marble the bust of the late Prince Imperial, which he has executed for Her Majesty the Queen.

CAROLUS DURAN will send to next year's Salon, beside his usual portrait subject, a fine ideal painting of "Christ at the Sepulchre," which he has just finished.

ROSA BONHEUR, has just bought a magnificent lion from the zoological garden at Marseilles, at the price of 5,000f., and she is painting its portrait in a picture intended for next year's Salon.

THE jury in the competition for the erection of a statue of Rabelais, at Chinon, have awarded the first prize to M. Emile Hébert for his design, and honorable mention has been accorded to M. Aubé, M. Hour Dumaige, and M. Gustave Michel.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

☞ *Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 257.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 256.

W. A., Montreal.—Letter received. Many thanks.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Paper received. Thanks. Glad to hear from you again.

G. W. L., Montreal.—Letter received. Thanks.

E. H.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 255. Correct.

J. H. & J. M. McG., Cote des Neiges.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 255.

On Saturday. the 3rd inst., the quarterly meeting of the Montreal Chess Club took place at the Gymnasium, Mansfield street.

The Secretary, Mr. J. Henderson, read the report, which showed that the Club was progressing very favourably, that large additions had been made to the chess appliances, and that the daily attendance of the members was of a highly satisfactory nature.

After the reading of the report, the meeting took up for consideration, among other matters, the raising of a subscription as a means of aiding the Committee of the American Chess Congress, which is at the present time in session in New York city. Twenty-five dollars were collected at once, which will be forwarded immediately with the best wishes of the members of the club. Several new members were then proposed and unanimously elected.

Altogetner the meeting was of a nature to indicate that this Club, which has now been in existence upwards of thirty years, is still able to maintain its efficiency and to do its part for the advancement of the Royal game in the Province of Quebec.

We are glad to notice that the Quebec *Chronicle* is in future to devote a portion of its space to Chess and that the Column set apart for this purpose is to be under the management of Mr. M. J. Murphy. We heartily wish it success. Mr. Murphy is one of the best Chess Problem composers in the Dominion, and his intimate knowledge of the game will be a guarantee for the able manner in which his Column will be conducted.

The subjoined extract from the New York *Herald* will be read with interest by Canadian Chessplayers ;—

THE CHESS TOURNAMENT.

A GAY SCENE AND BRILLIANT PLAYING.

The opening of the grand tournament of the Fifth American Chess Congress took place yesterday, the 6th inst., at the Union Square Billiard Rooms. In addition to the American colors the walls displayed flags of many nations, artistically festooned, and each one bearing in illuminated text the name of the chess champion belonging to the country so symbolized.

At one o'clock p. m. the tournament was declared open by ex District Attorney Allen, of this city, who at the same time announced that the committee had decided that the gold medal presented by Mr. Kehen, of the Manhattan Chess Club, will be added to the first prize of $500. The committee have also agreed that the contestants shall play one game on each day and finish it if possible. The following are the names of the contestants:—General J. A. Congdon, Washington, D.C.; Preston Ware, jr , Boston; Max Judd, St. Louis; Alexander G. Seliman, Baltimore; James Grundy, Manchester, England, and Capt. George H. Mackenzie, Eugene Delmar, John S. Ryan, Albert Cohnfield and Charles Mohle, of New York.

In the playing yesterday the first game completed was that between Messrs. Mackenzie and Cohnfield, the latter resigning at the thirty-seventh move. Time, 2 hours. The contest between Messrs. Mohle and Ryan resulted in a victory for the former, his opponent having resigned at the fifty-seventh move. Time, 4 hours. In the game between Messrs. Seliman and Delmar the last named resigned at the fifty sixth move. Time, 4h. 45m. The game between Messrs. Congdon and Ware resulted in a draw. Time, 6h. 45m. At a late hour last night the appearance of the game between Messrs. Judd and Grundy indicated that the result would be a draw.

We may add to the above that in the second days' play, Mohle won another game from Ryan, Capt. Mackenzie added another victory to his score by defeating Cohnfield, Grundy won a game from Judd, Gen. Ware vanquished Congdon, and Messrs. Seliman and Delmar fought a draw.

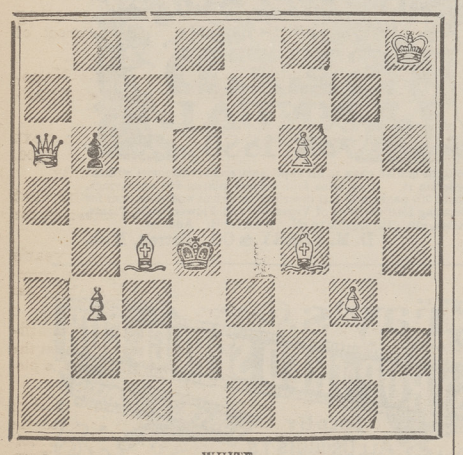
Last Tuesday Mr. Potter played nine simultaneous games at the College Chess Club. In accordance with the precedent set last season, his opponents were nine couples in consultation, namely, a lady and gentleman at each board. Their names, as paired, are as follows:—Mr. Lord and Mrs. Heywood, Mr. Heywood and Mrs. Down, Mr. MacLennan and Miss S. Burdon, Mr. H. F. Down and Miss Roche, Mr. Manning and Miss H. C. Down, Mr. Stiebel and Miss Richardson, Mr. Richardson and Miss F. E. Down, Mr. M. Down and Miss Lascelles, Mr. Percy and Miss E. Tompkins. Mr. Potter won six games and drew the remaining three. The players who drew against him were Mrs. Down, Miss H. C. Down, and Miss S. Burdon, with their respective partners as abovementioned. The pedigerous player was at one time in great danger of losing against Mr. M. Down and Miss Lascelles, through a skilful manœuvre suggested by the latter, who seems to be a young lady of much promise as a chessist.—*Land and Water.*

PROBLEM No. 259.

By W. Atkinson, Montreal.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 389TH.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Game played recently between Messrs. Saunders and Henderson.

WHITE.—(Mr. Saunders.)	BLACK.—(Mr. Henderson.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3
3. Kt to Q B 3	3. P to Q 3 (*a*)
4. B to B 4	4. B to K 2
5. P to Q 4	5. Kt to K B 3
6. P to Q 5	6. Kt to Q Kt sq
7 Q to B 2 (*b*)	7. Q Kt to Q 2
8. Q Kt to Q 2	8. Kt to B sq (*c*)
9. Kt to B sq	9. Kt to Kt 3
10. Kt to Kt 3	10. B to Q 2
11. B to Q 3	11. Castles
12. Kt to Kt sq	12. Kt to K sq
13. K Kt to Kt 2 (*d*)	13. B to K Kt 4
14. Castles	14. B takes B
15. Q takes B	15. Q to R 5
16. P to K B 4 (*e*)	16. P takes P
17. Kt takes P	17. Kt to K 4 (*f*)
18. Q to Q 2	18. Kt to K B 3
19. K Kt to K 2	19. Q R to K sq
20. R to B 4	20. Q to R 3
21. R to Q sq	21. P to Q R 3
22. P to B 4	22. B to K Kt 5
23. B to Kt sq	23. B takes Kt
24. Kt takes B	24. Kt to Kt 3 (*g*)
25. R takes Kt (*h*)	25. Q takes Q
26. R takes Q	26. P takes R
27. Kt to Kt 3	27. Kt to K 4
28. Kt to R 5	28. Kt to Q 2
29. R to K B 2	29. R to K 4
30. Kt takes P (ch)	30. Kt to Kt sq
31. R takes Kt	31. K R to K sq
32. K to B 2	32. R to Kt 4
33. B to Q 3	33. K R to K 4
34. R to B 4	34. K to Kt 2
35. B to K 2	35. P to K B 4
36. P to K R 4	36. R to Kt 3
37. B to B 3	37. R to B 3
38. K to K 3	38. P takes P
39. B takes P	39. R takes R
40. K takes R	40. R to K sq
41. P to Q R	41. R to B sq (ch)
42. B to B 5	42. P to Q R 4
43. P to K Kt 4	43. P to K R 3
44. K to K 4	44. R to K sq (ch)
45. B to K 6	45. R to B 3
46. K to Q 4	46. P to Kt 3
47. K to B 3	47. R to K 2
48. P to Kt 4	48. P to B 4
49. P to Q Kt 5	49. K to K 4
50. B to B 5	50. K to B 5
51. B to K 6	51. K to Kt 6
52. P to R 5	52. R to K Kt 2
53. K to Q 3	53. R takes P
54. B takes R	54. K takes B
55. K to K 4	55. K to Kt 4
56. K to B 3	56. K takes P
57. Resigns.	

NOTES.

(*a*) Kt to K B sq is usually played here.

(*b*) Kt to Q 2 seems preferable.

(*c*) This Kt has travelled over some space since he began his career.

(*d*) The movements of these Knights over the board are difficult to follow and show that each player was induced at this point to play the careful game.

(*e*) P to K B 4 is a favourite move with most players, and in many cases a successful one, but in this instance it fails to lead to victory.

(*f*) A good move.

(*g*) Again the right move.

(*h*) White by this move loses the exchange, and, eventually, the game. His position, however, was not very promising and he had to lose something.

(*i*) Black having the preponderance of force, and playing with great care, gives his adversary no chance of retrieving his game.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 257.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K Kt 8	1. Anything.
2. Mates.	

WHITE.	BLACK.
Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 255.	
1. R to Q 8	1. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

In last week's Column, the Problem for Young Players which should have been numbered 255, needs a Black P at Black's Q B 7.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 256.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at K R 7	K at K B 2
R at K Kt 3	R at Q B 3
B at Q Kt 4	Kt at K Kt 3
B at Q Kt 5	Pawns at K B 5
Kt at Q B 7	and Q Kt 2
Pawn at K 5	

White to play and mate in three moves.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a

HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME,
IT SAVES TEMPER,
IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS,

17 19-52-362 55 College Street

A GOOD PLAN. Combining and operating many orders in one vast sum has every advantage of capital, with skillful management. Large profits divided pro rata on investments of $25 to $10,000. Circular, with full explanations how all can succeed in stock dealings, mailed free. LAWRENCE & CO., 55 Exchange Place, New York.

SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Supplies," and addressed to the Right Hon. the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on THURSDAY, the TWENTY-SECOND day of JANUARY next, for the following supplies, viz. :—

Grey Military Flannel, 30 inches wide, 5 oz. to the yard	3,000	yds.
Brown Duck, 12 oz	2,500	"
Woollen Undershirts, full fashioned, (double breasted)	750	
Woollen Drawers, full fashioned, (double seated by extra thread of yarn)	750	pairs.
Woollen Socks, long legs	1,500	"
" Stockings, long legs	750	"
" Mitts, long wrists	500	"
Blue Artillery Cloth, (shrunk) 54 inches wide	1,200	yds.
Scarlet Serge, (shrunk) 54 inches wide	600	"
Scarlet Cloth. (shrunk) 54 " "	600	"
White Serge lining, 35 " "	500	"
Yellow Overall lace, 2 " "	2,000	"
Yellow Russia Braid	2,000	"
Helmets, with spikes and chinstraps complete	300	
Forage Caps	400	
Buffalo Coats made from No. 1 Summer robes	150	
Waterproof Sheets, 4ft. by 6 ft	200	
Mocassine, all Moose, large sizes 6 inches high in leg	500	pairs.
Kit Bags	100	
Mosquito Bars	400	
Gauntlets, Buckskin, unlined	350	pairs.
" Teamsters. Deerskin, unlined	100	"
Blankets, 10 lbs	300	"
Towels, large linen	300	
" small, "	500	
Nose Bags	300	
Curry Combs, Web handles	300	

MATERIAL FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF BOOTS.

Grained Leather 18 to 22 feet each side	280	sides.
No. 1 Canadian Kip Skins, 10 to 12 lbs. each	1,400	lbs.
No. 1 Spanish Sole Leather, 18 to 24 lbs. per side	3,350	"
No. 1 Slaughter Sole, for heel stiffeners, 15 to 18 lbs. per side	150	"
No. 1 Russet Sheep Skins, for linings	17	doz.

The skins must be neatly trimmed, have a good spread, and be free from holes.

Patterns of all Articles, except Leather, may be seen at the Department.

The Flannel, Brown Duck, Leather, Red and Blue Cloth, Red and White Serge, and Yellow Lace and Braid, to be delivered at the Penitentiary, Kingston, within six weeks of acceptance of contract.

The other Articles to be delivered at Ottawa, not later than 1st April.

Every article will be subject to examination and rejection if not fully equal to the sample.

Freight charges from places of shipment to Kingston or Ottawa, as the case may be, to be paid by the Contractor.

Any Customs duties payable on the above supplies to be paid by the Contractor.

Printed forms of tendes may be had on application to the undersigned.

Samples to accompany tenders.

Tenders may be for the whole or any of the above Articles.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Payment for these supplies will be made on the 3rd July next.

No payment will be made to newspapers inserting the above advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

J. S. DENNIS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

FRED. WHITE,
Chief Clerk.

Ottawa, December 22nd, 1879.

SALMON ANGLING.

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AND FISHERIES,
FISHERIES BRANCH,
OTTAWA, 31st December, 1879.

WRITTEN OFFERS will be received to 1st April next, for the ANGLING PRIVILEGES of the following rivers :—

River Kegashka (North Shore).
" Watsheeshoo do
" Washeecootai do
" Romaine do
" Musquarro do
" Pashasheeboo do
" Corneille do
" Agwanus do
" Magpie do
" Trout do
" St. Marguerite do
" Pentecost do
" Mistassini do
" Becscie do
" Little Cascapedia (Baie des Chaleurs).
" Nouvelle do
" Escumenac do
" Malbaie (near Perce).
" Magdelan (South Shore).
" Montlouis do
" Tobique (New Brunswick .
" Nashwaak do
" Jacquet do
" Charlo do
" Jupiter (Anticosti Island).
" Salmon do

Rent per annum to be stated : payable in advance.
Leases to run from one to five years.
Lessees to employ guardians at private cost.

By order,
W. F. WHITCHER,
Commissioner of Fisheries.

20 Lovely Rosebud Chromo Cards or 20 Floral Motto with name 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.

50 Chromo, Snowflake, Oriental, Lily, etc. Cards with name, 10c ; 25 Flistatrow Cards, 10c ; 1 Fem and Scroll Autograph Album, 15c ; Agents complete outfit, 1 c. ROYAL CARD CO., Northford Ct.

50 Perfumed Chrome and Lace Cards, name in gold in fancy case, 10c. Davids & Co., Northford, Ct.

The Scientific Canadian

MECHANICS' MAGAZINE
AND
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